

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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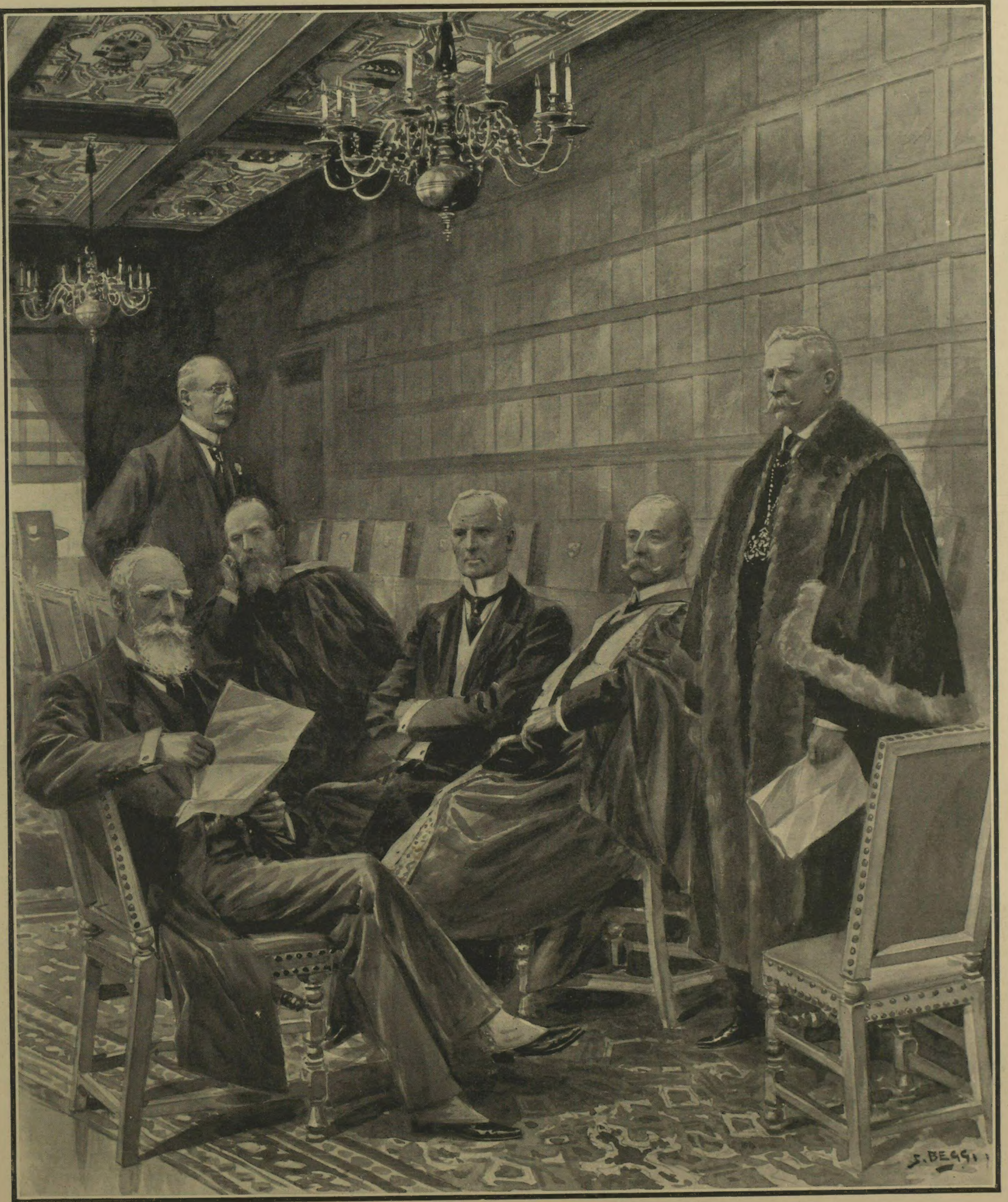
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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1906.

SIXPENCE.

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MR. A. MARSHALL MACKENZIE, A.R.S.A. THE VERY REV. JOHN MARSHALL LANG  
(Architect of the New Buildings). (Principal and Vice-Chancellor of the University).



LORD STRATHCONA AND MOUNT ROYAL  
(Chancellor of the University of Aberdeen).

SIR HENRY CRAIK  
(Parliamentary Representative of the University).

SIR FREDERICK TRAVERS, BT.  
(Rector of the University).

LORD PROVOST ALEXANDER LYON  
(Lord Provost of Aberdeen).

THE ROYAL OPENING OF THE NEW MARISCHAL COLLEGE BUILDINGS, ABERDEEN UNIVERSITY: DISTINGUISHED PARTICIPANTS  
IN THE CEREMONIES AND REJOICINGS.—[DRAWN BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT ABERDEEN.]

Our Artist has given as the background of his Portrait Group the new Court Room of the College.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

ONCE moved among a group of men who were discussing the possible purchase and alteration of a London newspaper, which we will call the *Daily Comet*. Asking each one of them his opinion in turn, I found that their complaints of its existing condition were as a rule singularly moderate, their expressions of approval singularly large and ungrudging. "It is a very good paper," said a friend of mine who was a philosopher from Balliol, "the political, financial, and military articles are all set out in the strong simplicity which befits such matters. The book reviews, however, are bad. That article on Guggenheimer's 'Integration of the Absolute' was perfectly ludicrous. The reviewer didn't know the difference between philosophy and fire-wood." His uncle, an old military man, shrank from his nephew's high staccato utterance, and took me aside more confidentially. "How could it have happened," he whispered, "that a good paper, a first-rate paper like the *Comet*, could have put in that dreadful article on Field-Artillery? My dear Sir, it was shocking. The man didn't seem to know what a gun was. Why couldn't they get good stuff, as they do on the other subjects? Why couldn't they have something clear and thoughtful, like that beautiful review of Mr. Guggenheimer's book—so inspiring, so elevating! Writing like that makes one a better man." A sharp-faced American in business in the City expressed himself with the drawling rapture of his race. "I guess it's about the grandest paper you have," he said. "Look at that slap-up, smart article they had about Field Artillery. I guess that touches the spot. But what I want to know is what sort of galoot is it fixes up their financial articles? I guess my dog might apply for the place." Three minutes afterwards, a friend of mine, who was an organist at a Ritualist church where the music was a speciality, met me in the street with open arms. "A noble paper!" he cried, with the ardour of the artistic temperament. "A superlative paper! Military articles, business articles, economics, philosophy—all admirable. The only blot on the paper is—" "Yes," I said, "I know what you are going to say. The only blot on the paper is the execrable, abominable, atrocious ignorance and villainy of the musical articles. My good friend, you are only laying your finger on the fundamental principle of all newspapers. You must go to newspapers to enjoy the things you do not understand. Do not, for Heaven's sake, go to them for the things you do understand. You have too much of the things you do understand, and, in consequence, you are reeking with spiritual pride. A newspaper does not exist to give you information; it leaves that low work to encyclopædias. A newspaper exists in order to pass before you a panorama of this wonderful world; to force you to care for something else besides music; to prevent you from being shut up inside your everlasting organs. When you are growing narrow with the worst narrowness, the narrowness of the artist, it cleans you out with a great besom of life. It washes you with politics. It purifies you with murders. You say the music article is rot. My friend, all the articles are rot. You have not learnt any facts about finance or education or military preparations. But you have had a vision; you have seen the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them; you have, at least, dreamed a dream which was full of gold and great learning and the people and the pride of arms."

I am proud to say that I have been a journalist ever since I was anything, and any criticisms of the profession which I offer are to be taken along with my almost offensive satisfaction in it. If I criticise journalism it is rather to check or dilute my own insupportable arrogance in being a journalist than to join in any of the commonplace charges against it. In fact, most of the commonplace charges against it are really quite wrong. People complain, for instance, that journalism must be frivolous or unreliable because it is done in a hurry. But all the very serious things are done in a hurry. All the really reliable things are done in a hurry. A commercial decision involving millions is always made in a hurry. I have never been in a battle; but my military friends tell me that a battle often takes place in a hurry. Very serious things generally are done quickly; getting married for instance, or getting hanged. Some evolutionist philosophers do not believe this, I know. They think that a man gets slowly hanged and gradually married. But the practical world, as it is, could not be run at all without these definite lines and decisive convictions. You could not have a business life without rashness. It is a great misfortune that the slang of our epoch is so constructed that when we want to describe a man as frivolous we say that he is "fast." The Scotch Express is fast. But after certain occurrences at Grantham one can hardly say that the Scotch Express is frivolous. Attila was fast, but not frivolous; the late General Moltke was in his operations decidedly fast; but no one accused him of frivolity. A rather reckless rapidity does not in itself indicate that a man is not in earnest; in some cases it indicates that upon the whole he probably is in earnest; in the case (for example) of Quintus Curtius. And the mere fact that the leader-writer on a

great daily paper has to write his leading article on the spur of the moment, suddenly, on receipt sometimes of sensational news, on which he has had no pre-arranged opinion, all this is no reason why he should not be serious; all this is no accusation. The journalist who decides on a course of action involving serious advice to his country is in no respect different from the doctor who in even a less time decides on a course of action involving advice to his patient in a matter of life and death. Or, if there is a difference, it is a simple one: it is that the doctor knows that his advice will probably be taken, while the happy journalist can always comfort himself with the overwhelming probability that it will not. The scurry of journalism is no part of its danger or of its disgrace. In so far as it is literally journalistic—in so far, that is, as it has to live from day to day—it is only like all the rest of the world. All human affairs are conducted on these sudden spurts, these concentrations in time. Marriage is journalistic, since it is done in a day. Investment is journalistic, since it is daily. Fighting is journalistic, in so far that a day generally settles it. Even the Day of Judgment is journalistic, in so far that it is a day.

If the real crime of journalism is not what is called hurry, neither is it what is called vulgarity. When people talk about a certain kind of tired and conventional English, they always call it *journalise*. I really do not know why. Journalists do not write any worse English than anybody else; nobody has written any very good English for a few hundred years. The people who really write *journalise* and talk *journalise*, and apparently think *journalise*, are not the journalists at all. They are the Cabinet Ministers—the men who have been to Eton and Oxford and enjoyed, as the phrase goes, every advantage. It is sometimes said, sarcastically, that newspapers keep certain phrases set up permanently in type. If they do, it must be chiefly in order to report the speeches of scholars and gentlemen. No journalists are ever quite so stale and clumsy as are the rulers of great nations. A leading article may be rather *journalise*, but it is never so *journalise* as a King's Speech. The journalist has minutes to make up his mind and to express it; under these circumstances, he does use cant phrases. The statesman often has months to make up his mind; he has all the advantages of a liberal education and converse with men of the world; and still he uses the cant phrases, or rather, he lets the cant phrases use him.

After some consideration of the subject one comes to the conclusion that what is really the matter with modern journalism is merely that it is so very much behind the times. Its claim to have the latest news about everything is really a superficial pretence. It has the latest news of murders and prices, and such material things that can be written and reported without even being understood; but about things that must be understood in order to be closely followed, things like religious movements, political changes, fashions, and scientific discoveries, it is generally years behind, and far less alive than the world which it professes to describe. Anyone who knows Fleet Street knows that the journalists are much more amusing than the journals. The journalists say what they think; the journals say what they think you think. The journalists have really heard the latest things in philosophy, sociology, and art criticism; the journals argue everything on assumptions forty or fifty years old. The journals talk of Herbert Spencer while the journalists are talking of Professor James. The journals base themselves on the economics of Bentham, while the men who write them are openly championing the economics of Bernard Shaw. If we were to judge modern England by the leading articles, we should believe the wildest things. We should believe that a faith in the supernatural was really disappearing from Europe. We should believe that Socialism and municipal idealism were only believed in by a few young saints. But we know better: we realise the humanity behind. The modern journalist, having written the words "the fading belief in miracles," goes home to Wimbledon and plays with a planchette and tries to get converted to Christian Science. The modern journalist, who has written the words "hard-headed men of business will distrust these municipal visions," goes back to Clapham on a County Council electric car and thanks God that he can get one. The talk in the newspapers is old-fashioned, tiresome, and materialistic; it is all concerned with saying that things are impossible which already exist, and that things are disappearing which have reappeared long ago. It is a veil of dull and quite unreal rationality; behind it the real people are full of rapturous experiment and uproarious superstition. Do not judge us by what we write. We are not so dull as our articles. The books which come out slowly have got ahead of the newspapers which come out fast. The swift journalistic hare has been beaten by that tortoise, the publisher. While correspondents are writing reeking descriptions of the Russian Revolution, bold books are coming out, some to say that the Russian Revolution is over, some to say that the Russian Revolution never occurred at all. You go to a newspaper for fine old-fashioned assumptions, but not for news.

## ABERDEEN UNIVERSITY.

(1494) 1506-1906.

FAITHFUL sons of Aberdeen University have this week made a pious pilgrimage to their Alma Mater to celebrate the four-hundredth year of her existence. The actual age of the University is, indeed, rather more than four centuries, for King's College was founded in 1494, but the original buildings were not finished until the academic year 1505-6, whence the date of the present ceremonial. The quatercentenary, too, has happily coincided with the completion of Marischal College, and the two events were important enough to call for the presence of the King, who on Sept. 27 inaugurated the new buildings.

The history of the University is no smooth tale, and to those who hear it casually it presents at least one puzzling anomaly. For until 1860 there were two independent Universities, one in Old Aberdeen and one in the new town, each fully equipped and legally empowered to grant degrees. The two institutions did not live in harmony. King's College, the elder and haughtier foundation, used to sneer openly at Marischal College, its younger rival; and so late as the first half of the nineteenth century the undergraduates of the old and new town used to meet in fierce conflict, when the streets rang with the rallying-cry, "A Marischal! à Marischal!" and King's men arose to smite the "Broad Street Academy" as they derisively named the college of George Keith, fifth Earl Marischal. The absurdity of the separation was recognised as early as 1641, when it was proposed to unite King's and Marischal under the title of King Charles's University, but the scheme came to nothing. There were many subsequent attempts at fusion, but until 1860 they all ended in failure.

King's College was founded by William Elphinstone, Bishop of Aberdeen, to whom Pope Alexander VI. granted a Bull ratifying the erection of a University or *studium generale*. In the Bull, the original of which is still to be seen, excellently preserved, in the University Library, there is a curious account of the ignorance and barbarity of northern Scotland in the year 1494. The people are described as "rude and ignorant," indeed "almost uncivilised," and the document laments the lack of suitable persons not only to preach the word of God to the people, but to administer the Sacraments of the Church. The Pope, therefore, ordained that "in the renowned city of Old Aberdeen there should flourish henceforth and for ever a school and University of General Learning, alike in Theology, Canon and Civil Law, Medicine, Polite Letters, and any other authorised Faculty whatsoever, wherein after the manner of Paris and Bologna clergy and laymen may lecture and teach, and those desirous to study may do so and qualify." The model of the new institution was the University of Paris, where Elphinstone had been a student and lecturer; and King's College, at first called the College of St. Mary, was equipped with a Principal, a Canonist, a Civilist, a Mediciner, a sub-Principal, and a Grammarian. As first Principal, the founder brought from Paris the famous Hector Boecé or Boethius. Five graduates, priests, were to act as Regents in Arts, each regent to carry his men through the whole curriculum, changing his subject from year to year—a tax upon universality of knowledge that could hardly stand the strain of this age of "specialism." Actual teaching seems to have been begun almost as soon as the Bull of Alexander VI. was promulgated in St. Machar's Cathedral, the twin spires of which, overlooking the wooded haughs of the Don and the Gothic arch of the old Bridge, were soon to have a wonderful architectural foil in the Crown of King's College. To the building of his "holy and beautiful house" Elphinstone applied himself with zeal, and by the year 1506 the Chapel and Tower and the earliest college buildings were dedicated. The first educational buildings have long since been replaced, but the Chapel, with its exquisite screen of carved oak and its crowned tower, remain very much as Elphinstone left them. Could the good Bishop return and survey the Old Town with those quiet eyes of his that we know from his portrait in the Senatus room, he could not mistake the place he established, and he might well say, and he gazed on his handiwork—

"Ut rosa flos florum, sic est Domus ista Domorum."

Less fortunate in Aristotelian "recognitions" would be the shade of George Keith, fifth Earl Marischal, whose earliest college has entirely vanished; but he would, perhaps, be prouder to see the latter-day magnificence of his foundation. Although feuds have long since died and the University is now one and indivisible, Earl Marischal might be pardoned a moment of human exultation over the ultimate triumph of the "Broad Street Academy."

Anti-Covenanting and staunchly Jacobite, both Universities were during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries repeatedly disciplined and "purged." Through many vicissitudes, the cause of learning at last triumphed, and the latter part of the eighteenth century saw the beginnings of that school of medicine which has made Marischal College famous. The "fusion" of 1860, although bitterly opposed, was the best thing that could have happened to both colleges. The duplication of Faculties was an obvious waste of power. This the Commissioners abolished. Arts and Divinity found a permanent home at King's, while Medicine, Law, and Science took up their abode at Marischal, which had been rebuilt in 1837 to the designs of Archibald Simpson. The quadrangle was then left incomplete, and from that time onward the University dreamed of a great and noble frontage to Broad Street. In 1880 the extension scheme began to take shape, and at length, through difficulties innumerable, the dream has been realised. The munificence of Dr. Charles Mitchell and of his son, Mr. C. W. Mitchell (neither of whom has lived to see the crown of their work), and of Lord Strathcona, and the loyal co-operation of graduates and others, made the extension financially practicable, and Mr. Marshall Mackenzie, A.R.S.A., has translated their gold into bonds of exquisite and enduring architecture, fit setting for what Elphinstone, echoed by Alexander VI., called in that quaint old document of foundation, "the priceless pearl of knowledge."

OLIM CIVIS.



## THE PLAYHOUSES.

## "THE BONDMAN," AT DRURY LANE.

THERE is always room on our stage for good, stirring, picturesque melodrama, and the newest Drury Lane play, an adaptation made by Mr. Hall Caine from his novel, "The Bondman," belongs to this by no means ignoble category. Nobody, therefore, need grudge Mr. Arthur Collins his latest managerial success; indeed, every playgoer should rejoice that Mr. Collins has redeemed drama at the Lane from the slavery, under which it had so long languished, to stage-spectacle that was mere photographic realism and to representation of the pleasures and luxury of smart society. "The Bondman," at least, like its predecessor, "The Prodigal Son," contains a real story, shows genuine and vivid imagination, can boast scenes of vehement passion and startling adventure, and deals with persons who, if far too fantastic in their motives and conduct for our everyday life, possess feelings and aspirations which the meanest of us can recognise as the common stock of humanity. Of course, Mr. Hall Caine relies largely on extravagant coincidences, inexplicable changes of mood, preposterous quixotries and strange emotional violences; but these are by way of being the conventions of the world of melodrama. Obviously, too, the characters of the piece act not according to any law of their nature, but merely to suit the playwright's design; but then any reasonable psychology would deprive our popular drama of all its romance. So we must allow Mr. Hall Caine his coincidence of two half-brothers seeking one another respectively in Manxland and Sicily, the one with vindictive, the other with friendly intent; we must grant the author the Sicilian brother's vow of avenging his mother's wrongs on his father's other son; we must forgive the heroine her curious vacillations of sentiment by virtue of which she pledges herself to each brother in turn; finally we must swallow the improbability of the brothers never meeting in life till they are both cast as prisoners into the Sicilian sulphur-mines. It is enough that the dramatist has told a very exciting and moving tale, has given Mr. Collins scope for presenting two impressive stage-pictures in the Manx farm and the boiling sulphur-mines, and has equipped his two chief actors, Mr. Frank Cooper and Mr. Henry Ainley, as the brothers, with fine opportunities for impassioned acting. Humour is not Mr. Hall Caine's strong point; he relies instead on oddities of domestic character: two types of his that are quaint rather than comic, a caustic peasant woman and a drunken priest, are capably interpreted by Miss Marie Illington and Mr. Austin Melford. It must be admitted, too, that Mr. Caine is not very happy in his portrait of his latest heroine; but he is not helped at the Lane by that heroine's representative. Mrs. Patrick Campbell's method is altogether too subdued, too unexpansive, too monotonous for melodrama.

## "A WIRE ENTANGLEMENT," AT THE COMEDY.

That interesting little comedy of the gentleman-burglar, "Raffles," is now preceded by a tiny farce which Captain Marshall has written round two telephones and styles "A Wire Entanglement." It is amusing enough, this telephonic tête-à-tête of an editor and a woman journalist periodically interrupted by calls from an office-boy and a girl-typist, but its idea is rather incredible, the idea of two persons who are neighbours making love over the wires. Still, if far-fetched, the little play is droll—and short—and as it is spiritedly acted by Mr. Graham Browne and Miss Sarah Brooke, it serves as an admirable introduction to the Comedy Theatre's principal entertainment.

## MUSIC.

AT the time of writing the Promenade Concerts continue to occupy the centre of the stage, though coming events cast shadows upon Covent Garden and other centres of musical life. Night after night late comers to the Queen's Hall are received with the disconcerting announcement that there is nothing more than standing room left, and those of us who cannot take our pleasure standing in an atmosphere of tobaccos good, bad, or indifferent, must needs mend our ways or go without music. Last week there were the usual "one man nights," Wagner leading the way in a programme that was representative but hackneyed. We begin to weary a little of the "Tannhäuser" overture even when the ballet music is thrown in: constant repetition impairs its charms. A new symphonic triptych by Jan Blockx, scored for band and piano, was one of the novelties of the week, and proved to be a pleasant piece of work, skilful in treatment, simple in theme, and genuine in feeling. Among the singers at last week's concerts, Mr. Ranalow and Miss Gwladys Roberts created an excellent impression, and Miss Irene Scharrer's success in the G major concerto on the Beethoven night was unmistakable. The young player exhibited many of the qualities that make pianoforte exhibitions delightful, and help us to forget or forgive the virtuosi who treat the instrument as a medium for the display of soulless technical achievement. The general standard of the orchestral playing remains very high, but Mr. Henry Wood shows a curious desire to dot the i's and cross the t's of all the big works. Perhaps he does not expect to find among the patrons of the promenade concerts the same standard of musical education that prevails among the patrons of the symphony series. He may be justified of his suspicion, but too much emphasis, too much italicising, if the term be permissible, detracts from the enjoyment of those for whom the repertoire of the Queen's Hall Orchestra contains little that is novel or even unfamiliar, but much that is of enduring beauty, and demands the services of conductor and orchestra at their best.

The musical season may be said to open to-day (29th) when Fritz Kreisler will give his one violin recital in London. Herr Backhaus announces a recital for

Saturday, Oct. 6, at Queen's Hall, and on the Saturday following Mr. and Mrs. Kennerley Rumford will give a concert, assisted by the London Symphony Orchestra. The Royal Choral Society begins its thirty-sixth season on Thursday, Nov. 1, and will give seven concerts. We are to hear Sir Edward Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius" and his new work "The Kingdom," Sir Hubert Parry's delightful "Pied Piper of Hamelin," Coleridge Taylor's "Hiawatha," and Handel's "Messiah."

In the high interests of National Opera, Mr. Charles Manners and the Moody-Manners Grand Opera Company gave a special morning performance of Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor" at the Camden Theatre on Saturday last for the benefit of school-children. Some fourteen hundred children responded to the invitation, and before the curtain rose the story of the opera was explained to the young audience and a general outline of the music was given. Mrs. Manners is presenting a prize for the three best essays written by the children and recording their impressions of the performance.

Mr. and Mrs. Manners are doing good work, on the stage and off. If they can rouse a young generation to the love of opera, the reproach that every second-rate Italian city can hurl at the big provincial towns of Great Britain may yet be removed.

At the Empire Theatre on Monday night a little sketch described as "A Satire on Grand Opera Methods" met with a considerable measure of success. The book, by R. H. Burnside, deals in broadest fashion with some of the ridiculous situations which are common to Grand Opera, and the music, by Gustave Kerker, composer of "The Belle of New York," is more clever than it might appear at first hearing. The trifle is both bright and smart—better than most of the sketches that are seen at music halls.

## CHINA AND THE OPIUM TRADE.

ON Sept. 20 a Chinese Imperial Edict was issued expressing the determination of the Son of Heaven to put an end to the use of the "foreign drug." The use of opium is to be abolished within ten years, and the method of carrying out the Edict is left to the Council of State Affairs, who are to draw up regulations restricting the cultivation of the poppy. Of course, this Edict may have a very serious effect upon our Indian trade, but it must not be forgotten that home-grown opium forms much the greater part of what is consumed by the Chinese, and, indeed, there are men well acquainted with Indian affairs who say that in course of time the Indian-grown opium will be ousted altogether. As far as this country is concerned, the traffic in opium, apart from the interest taken in it from the point of view of the Indian revenue, has never been regarded with favour, and Mr. Morley's statement to the House of Commons a few months ago that the Indian Government will come to an understanding with China as soon as there is a genuine effort to put an end to the opium traffic, was well received by all sections of the House. In the old days we fought with China to preserve the opium trade, and now we are prepared to put an end to it in the interests of morality. It remains for China to show that the Edict is a serious expression of the Imperial will, and that proper efforts will be made to deal with the opium-growers at home.

## MR. HEINEMANN'S 6S. BOOKS.

MOONFACE. By JACK LONDON, Author of "The Call of the Wild," &c.

THE LUDDINGTONS. By FLORENCE COLLINS. "Mrs. Collins will take a well-earned place in the front rank of writers of fiction."—Court Journal.

A SOVEREIGN REMEDY. By FLORA ANNIE STEEL. (3rd Impression.) "Mrs. Steel's warmest admirers will not be disappointed."—Sketch.

JOSEPH VANCE: An Ill-written Autobiography. By WM. DE MORGAN. "A remarkable novel—a book for 'lovers of the classic tradition in English fiction.'"—Spectator.

THE SIN OF GEORGE WARRENER. By MARIE VAN VORST. (2nd Impression.) "Nobody who loves good fiction should miss this book."—Standard.

FRANCE IN 1802. By an Eye-witness: Being Letters from France. By HENRY REDHEAD YORKE. Edited by J. A. C. SYKES. "A very fascinating and delightful work."—Daily Telegraph.

FELICITY IN FRANCE. By CONSTANCE MAUD, Author of "An English Girl in Paris," &c. "Will be responsible for many a tour in sunny France."—Pall Mall Gazette.

MEMOIRS OF MY DEAD LIFE. By GEORGE MOORE, Author of "Esther Waters," &c. Second Edition.

London: WM. HEINEMANN

## THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE

FOR OCTOBER. PRICE ONE SHILLING.

Contents.  
A NEW PORTRAIT OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË. By W. E. Norris.  
CHIPPINGE. Chapters XXVIII-XXX. By Stanley J. Weyman.  
THE ETHICS OF REVIEWING. By Arthur C. Benson.  
NEWS FROM POITIERS, 1356. By Henry Newbolt.  
PASTELS FROM MOROCCO. By L. J. B.  
THE TIDES. By Frank T. Bullen.  
THE KING AND THE ANARCHIST. By W. E. Norris.  
HOW I SAW THE ASSASSIN. A Spanish School-girl's Story. By Violet R. Markham.  
LA CHAISE-DIEU. By Violet R. Markham.  
A PRIVATE OF THE MUTINY. By Walter Frith.  
FRÄULEIN SCHMIDT AND MR. ANSTRUTHER. Letters X-XXVI. By the Author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden."

London: SMITH, ELDER, and CO., 15, Waterloo Place, S.W.

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Glasgow (Central) .. .. .	arr. 7 55 p.m.	
Edinburgh .. .. .	7 55 p.m.	

Edinburgh (Prince's St.) .. .. .	dep. 12 0 noon	} Luncheon, Tea, and Dining Car Express.
Glasgow (Central) .. .. .	12 0 noon	
London (Euston) .. .. .	arr. 8 30 p.m.	

These trains will continue to run during October and November.

FREDERICK HARRISON, General Manager, L. & N. W. Railway, Euston, 1906. R. MILLAR, General Manager, Caledonian Railway.

## THE HIGHLAND RAILWAY.

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King's Cross .. .. .	arr. 7 40	Euston .. .. .	11 50
St. Pancras .. .. .	7 40	Inverness .. .. .	2 25
Euston .. .. .	7 40	Wick .. .. .	arr. 7 25 Friday
		Thurso .. .. .	7 27

Inverness, September, 1906.

T. A. WILSON, General Manager.

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AS EVIDENCE of Society following Royal example, it is reported that since Their Majesties the King and Queen, also the Prince of Wales, so appreciated GLESSBLYER WATER when dining on the occasion of their respective visits to the Austrian Exhibition, Earl's Court, there has been a very considerable demand for this excellent Table Water.



## THE WORLD'S NEWS.

## The "Meteor" Incident.

Last week one of the Hamburg-American liners, the steamship *Meteor*, while taking a party of German tourists round our coasts, entered the Naval Harbour of Portsmouth on the top of a strong flood tide, missed a buoy which it tried to pick up, nearly fouled H.M.S. *Spartiate*, and attempted to anchor in the preserves of the war-ships. Naturally enough the Harbour Master promptly warned off the intruder. Such bad seacraft as that of the *Meteor's* captain could have had no better result, but the German Press has found in the incident material for further campaign against the "brutal Britisher." It is to be feared that in spite of Berlin's protest, tourist-steamers of every nationality will remain unwelcome in the naval harbour at Portsmouth. Doubtless the Kaiser and the German Naval League will meet the matter by the creation of—or at least the demand for—more war-ships, and so turn a rather ridiculous situation to political uses.

## Russian Affairs.

The news from Russia is still most unsatisfactory. The Tsar remains in his imperial yacht, *Standart*, and did not attend the funeral of General Trepoff, being content to send a wreath to be placed on the coffin. It is said that his absence from the capital, where he was to review the Guards, was due to the discovery of a carefully laid plot for his assassination. At Siedlce, the Governor has informed the Jewish community that in the event of any further bomb outrages the remaining Jews will be massacred. As the outrages are frequently the work of *agents provocateurs*, the position of the unfortunate community is very serious. At the same time, it is fair to note that the Premier, M. Stolypin, has declared publicly that he will tolerate no more "pogroms," and in Warsaw, where a massacre had been announced for the Jewish New Year Festival, the day passed without bloodshed. In St. Petersburg the Prefect of Police has forbidden the Constitutional Democrats to hold their Congress, and it is said that the Government is in the hands of the Reactionary League, a body which openly organises "pogroms," and is said to have some of the highest people in the land at its back.

## Our Portraits.

Lieutenant-General Arthur Singleton Wynne, C.B., who has been appointed Military Secretary to the Secretary of War and Secretary to the Selection Board, has served with distinction in the Army. He took part in the Jowaki Expedition in 1877, in the Afghan Expedition, in the Boer War of 1881, and in the Nile Expedition; he also gained distinction in the recent campaign in South Africa, where he was wounded on the Tugela. The new Military Secretary, who is in his sixty-first year, has commanded the troops at Colchester, and was promoted Lieutenant-General in December last.

Brigadier-General Eric John Eagles Swayne joined the Indian Staff Corps at an early age, and entered the Army in 1883. He has seen service in Burmah, Somaliland, Uganda, and Jubaland, and has commanded the Somaliland Field Force. He is now appointed Governor and Commander of British Honduras.

Sir Joseph Turner Hutchinson, who has been appointed Chief Justice of Ceylon, was born in 1850, and educated at St. Bees School and at Christ College, Cam-

bridge. He was called to the Bar of the Middle Temple in 1879, appointed Chief Justice of the Gold Coast Colonies in 1889, Chief Justice of Grenada in 1895, and Chief Justice of the Supreme Court in Cyprus in 1897.

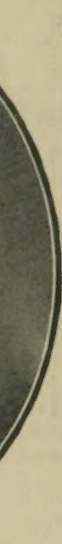


Photo. Elliott and Fry.  
BRIGADIER-GENERAL E. J. E. SWAYNE,  
New Governor and Commander-in-Chief  
of British Honduras.

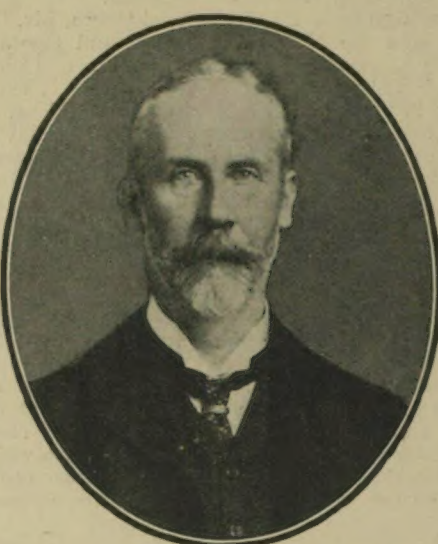


Photo. Elliott and Fry.  
SIR JOSEPH T. HUTCHINSON,  
New Chief Justice in Ceylon.

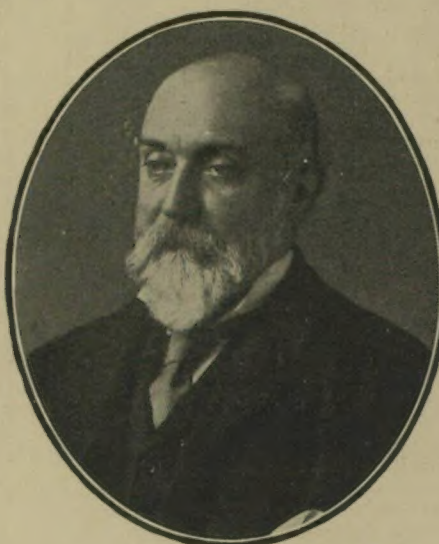


Photo. Elliott and Fry.  
MR. C. D. LANG, C.B.,  
Retiring Comptroller of the Post Office  
Savings Bank.

first and only Baronet of Garth, and was born in 1826. She married, in 1846, Lord George Stewart, who became Earl Vane in 1854, and fifth Marquess of Londonderry on the death of his half-brother in 1872. She had four children—the present Lord Londonderry, the late Lord Henry Vane-Tempest, Lord Herbert Vane-Tempest, and Lady Aline Beaumont. The late Dowager Lady Londonderry, who was a personal friend of Queen Victoria, spent a great part of the last years of her life at her beautiful estate of Plas Machynlleth, in Montgomeryshire.

Mr. Charles Dawson Lang, who is retiring from the post of Comptroller of the Post Office Savings Bank, entered the service in 1865, and has held his responsible office since 1891, he is in his sixty-second year.

Mr. John Prescott Hewett, the new Lieutenant-Governor of the United Provinces of Agra and Oude, was born in 1854, and educated at Winchester and Balliol College. He joined the Bengal Civil Service in 1877, and was appointed Under-Secretary to the Government of India in the Home

Department in 1886. He has acted as private secretary to the Viceroy and Governor-General of India, and was appointed magistrate and collector to the North-West Provinces in 1893. In the same year he received his appointment as Secretary to the Royal Commission on Opium, and in 1898 was placed on the Indian Plague Commission. From 1894 to 1902 he was Secretary to the Government of India in the Home Department and in 1902 was made Acting Chief Commissioner of the Central Provinces.

Mr. Roland Philipson, who was killed in the Grantham railway accident while travelling to the North to attend the launch of the *Mauritania*, was a notable figure on the Tyneside, a Director of the North Eastern Railway, the Sunderland Shipbuilding Company, and the North British Insurance Company. A son of the late Mr. Hilton Philipson, of Tynemouth, he passed from Eton to the works of the North Eastern Marine Engineering Company, where he learned the engineering business, becoming manager, and finally chairman of the company.

The Right Rev. Joseph Charles Hoare, D.D., Bishop of Victoria, Hong-Kong, who was drowned last week during the typhoon, was born in 1851 and educated at Tonbridge School and Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1874 he was ordained Deacon "for work in the Colonies" by the Bishop of London, and a year later he went to China and successfully started a college for Chinese boys at Ningpo. In 1876 Dr. Hoare was ordained priest by the Bishop of North China. In 1898 the deceased prelate was consecrated on his appointment to the Bishopric of Victoria by Dr. Temple, and he laboured with enthusiasm and considerable success in his difficult position.

## The Railway Accident at Grantham.

Few years have yielded such a heavy crop of disasters as 1906. Week by week we have been called upon to record trouble at home and trouble abroad, and there seems no end to the tale of woe. The latest tragedy is the Grantham railway



Photo. Elliott and Fry.  
LIEUTENANT-GENERAL A. S. WYNNE,  
Appointed Military Secretary to the Secretary for War.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.  
THE LATE LIEUTENANT-GENERAL W. G. DUNHAM MASSY,  
Crimean Veteran.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.  
MR. J. P. HEWETT,  
New Lieutenant-Governor of Agra and Oude.



Photo. W. and D. Downey.  
THE LATE DOWAGER-MARCHIONESS  
OF LONDONDERRY.



Photo. Bacon.  
THE LATE MR. ROLAND PHILIPSON,  
Killed in the Grantham Disaster.

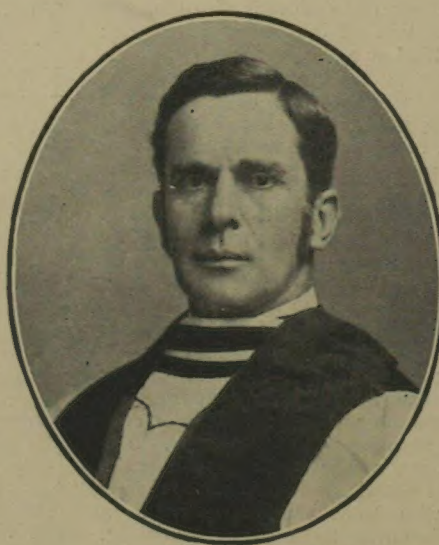


Photo. Elliott and Fry.  
THE LATE BISHOP HOARE, OF VICTORIA,  
Drowned during the Typhoon at Hong-kong.

and received promotion and an honour from our French allies. In later years, he commanded the Royal Irish Lancers, and distinguished himself in the Afghan Campaign, being mentioned in despatches. He commanded the troops in Ceylon between 1888-93, and was Colonel of the 4th Dragoon Guards and, later, of the 5th Lancers.

Mary Cornelia, Dowager-Marchioness of Londonderry, who passed away last week at her residence in Grosvenor Place, was the daughter of Sir John Edwards,

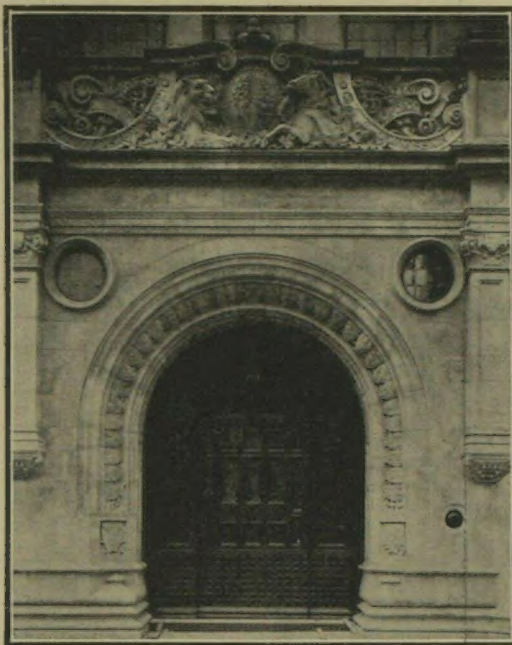


## FROM LONDON, ABERDEEN, AND YORK



*Photo, Kyle.*  
"THE MOST ARTISTIC RAILWAY BUILDING IN THE KINGDOM":  
THE NEW N.E.R. OFFICES AT YORK.

The headquarters staff of the North Eastern Railway has just taken possession of its handsome new offices, which, it is claimed, are the most artistic railway buildings in the kingdom. The design for them won the silver medal at the Paris Exhibition two years ago.



*Photo, Topical.*  
THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE ECCLESIASTICAL  
COMMISSIONERS' NEW OFFICES.

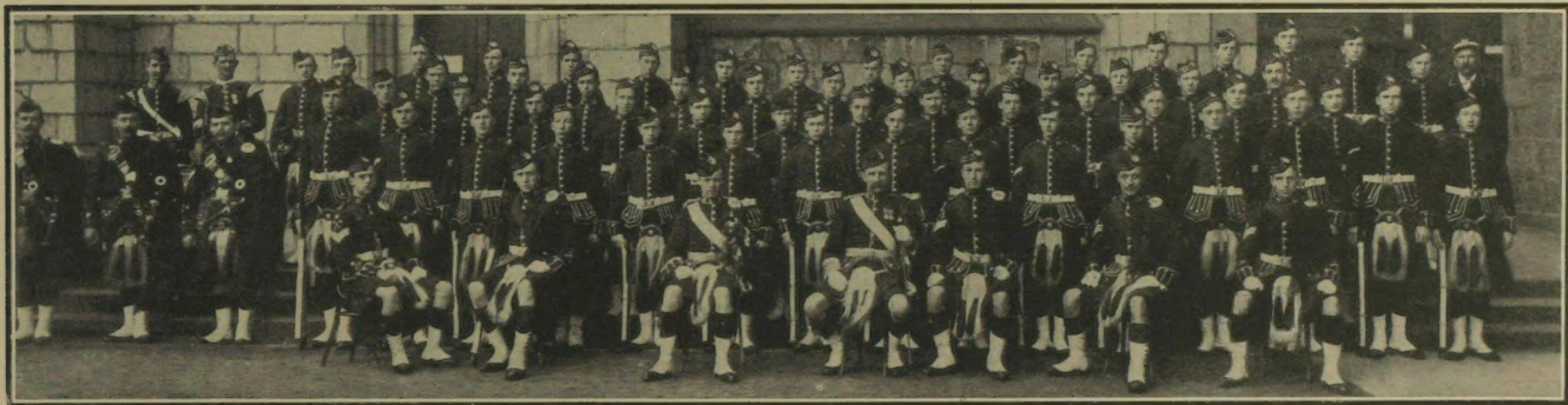
The building was designed by Mr. W. O. Carse; and is certainly a worthy addition to the official "homes" of London. The exterior is notable from the sculptured arms of the various dioceses that figure on it.



*Photo, Topical.*  
THE NEW OFFICES FOR THE ECCLESIASTICAL  
COMMISSIONERS IN MILLBANK.

The new building supplies the Commissioners with an edifice befitting their dignity, and not before it was needed. The Commissioners moved into their new premises from the building they have so long occupied in Whitehall Place—to be precise, for over eighty years.

### PALATIAL OFFICES IN LONDON AND YORK.



*Photo, James Ewing.*  
THE KING'S GUARD OF HONOUR AT THE OPENING OF THE NEW BUILDINGS OF MARISCHAL COLLEGE: THE ABERDEEN UNIVERSITY COMPANY  
OF GORDON HIGHLANDERS.



THE HALL SPECIALLY ERECTED FOR LORD STRATHCONA'S GARGANTUAN BANQUET TO 2400 GUESTS.

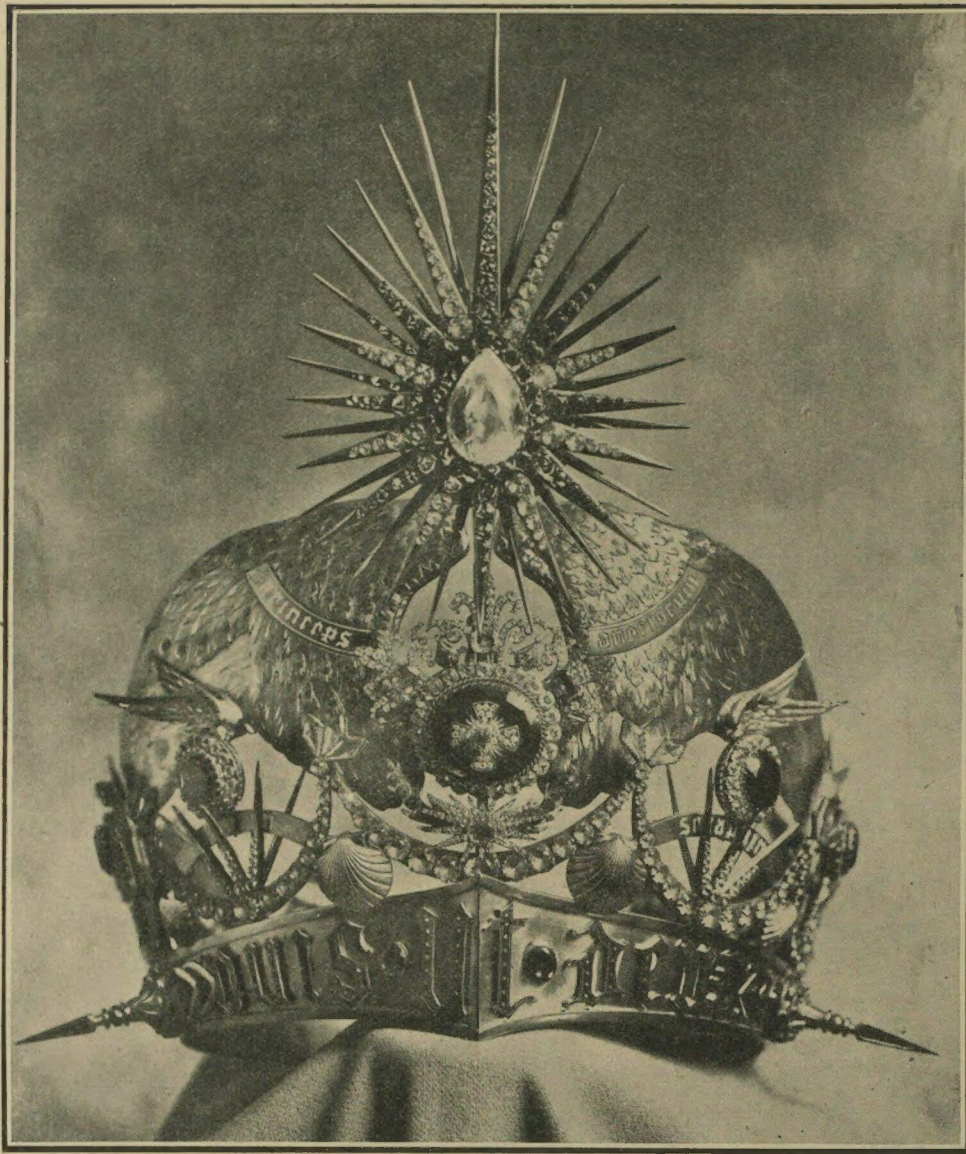
When he announced his intention of giving a great banquet on the occasion of the opening of the new buildings of Marischal College, Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, who is the Chancellor of the University of Aberdeen, was met with the statement that there was no hall in Aberdeen capable of holding 2400 guests, the number it was proposed to ask. Lord Strathcona thereupon arranged for the construction of a special hall, the interior of which we illustrate. The banquet, which is said to have cost some £9000, was given to all present at the opening ceremony—students, graduates, delegates, officials, and visitors, and the poor of the city were not forgotten; for their entertainment Lord Strathcona handed the Lord Provost £500.—[PHOTOGRAPH BY HARDIE.]



accident, a disaster that must be placed side by side with the destruction of the American boat-train at Salisbury. At the time of writing the cause of the Grantham accident is shrouded in mystery, and as both driver and fireman of the wrecked train are dead, that mystery may never be cleared up. All we know is that on the night of Wednesday, the 19th, the Scotch express ran through Grantham, where it should have stopped, entered the branch line to Nottingham over the open points, and after rocking violently on the curved rail, dashed into a wall and broke into three pieces—a total wreck. The engine toppled over, the foremost part of the train passed it, and fell over an embankment; fire came to add to the terrors. Twelve people were killed outright, and eight were taken in a serious condition to the local hospital.

#### New Ships for War and Commerce.

Some very interesting developments in the ship-building world have to be recorded this week. A new armoured cruiser, H.M.S. *Shannon*, was launched on the 20th at Chatham Dock by the Countess of Carrington, and is said to be one of the finest vessels ever sent out from Chatham yards. The *Glow-Worm*, one of the five coastal destroyers ordered in connection with last year's naval programme, has been launched from Messrs. Thornycroft's yards at Chiswick; her contract speed is 26 knots, and she is fitted with turbine machinery of the Parsons type, and carries Thornycroft water-tube boilers. Wallsend-on-Tyne has sent out a turbine quadruple screw liner, the *Mauretania*, sister ship to the *Lusitania*, and the biggest liner afloat. Her minimum average speed is from 27½ to 29 statute miles an hour in moderate weather. From Messrs. Harland and Wolff's yard



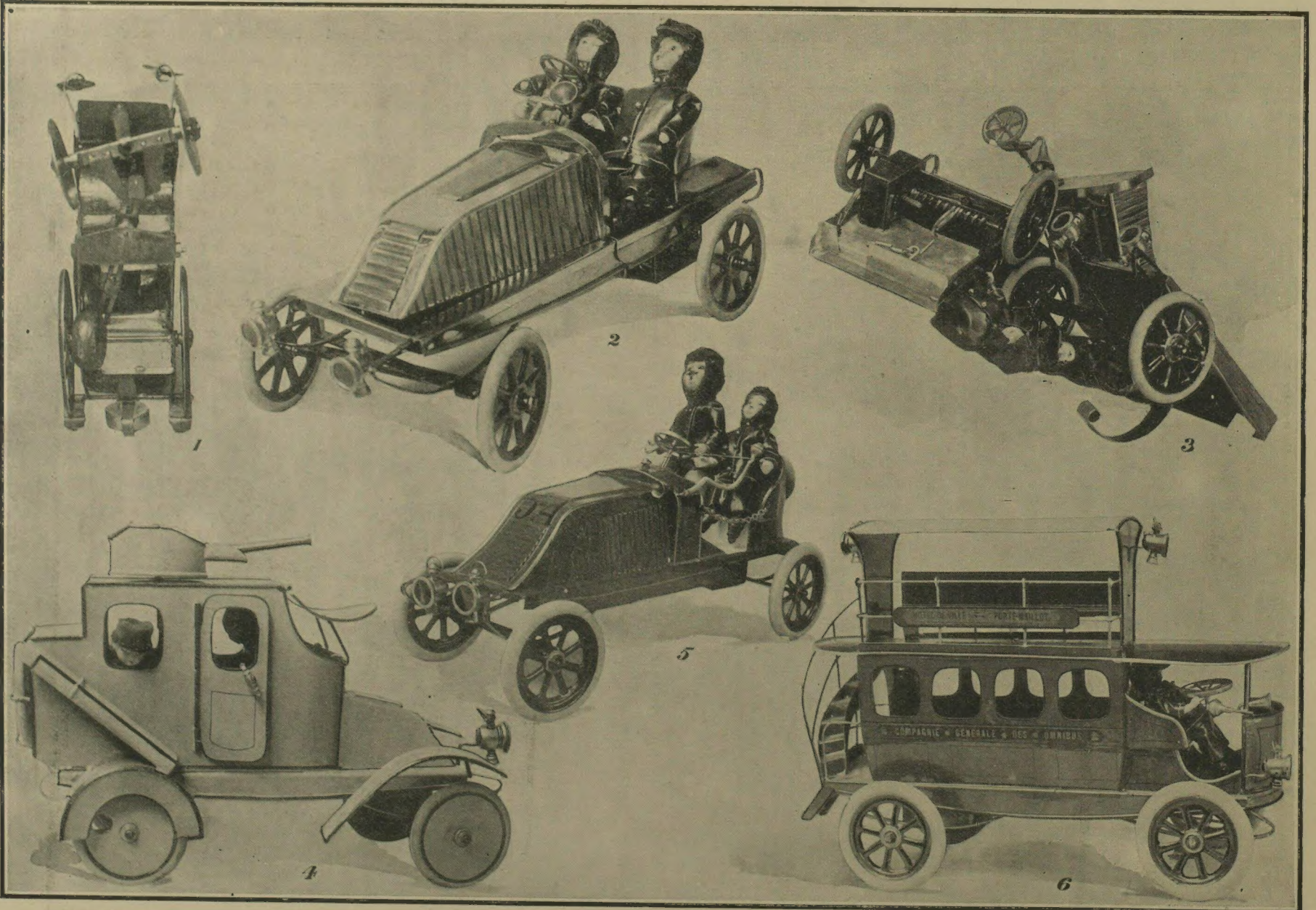
#### WAS IT STOLEN, OR WAS IT HIDDEN FROM THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT BY PRIESTS? THE MISSING CROWN OF ST. MICHAEL.

A little while ago the famous Crown of St. Michael, which belongs to the Abbey of Mont St. Michel, disappeared in the most mysterious manner. Rumour has suggested that it was not stolen, as is generally believed, but that its priestly owners hid it, fearing that the officials of the French Government would take charge of it. The crown, which is said to be worth £18,000, is richly jewelled. It was made in 1877 by the jeweller Mellerio, and most of the stones were given by pious persons.

at Belfast a new White Star Liner, the *Adriatic*, has been launched successfully, and is the largest vessel ever put out from the Irish port. The *Adriatic* will be capable of carrying 3000 passengers, and will be fitted with Marconi installations and a submarine signalling apparatus.

#### The Hospital-Car for the Southern Pacific Railway.

On another page we illustrate a well-equipped hospital-car which has just lately been built at the Sacramento works of the Southern Pacific Railway. The car, which has been constructed at a cost of £3600, is the first of its type, and is a combination of the luxury of the best of private cars and the equipment of the modern hospital. The plan of the car is such that patients may be lifted into stretchers through double doors, placed upon the operating table, and thence, readily and comfortably, put into berths with the greatest ease. The car is 75 ft. 11½ in. in length, and runs upon two six-wheeled bogies. Aside from its hospital equipment, a feature of the car is the berth-raising mechanism, which permits of the berths being automatically lowered, when not in use, to dust-proof spaces under the floor. In the space vacated by them are placed easy chairs and tables for dining, reading, and writing. By this arrangement of a clear floor-space, part of the car can be used as a drawing-room, while the rest is occupied as a "sleeper." The operating, or dressing, room, provided with double swing-doors on either side of the car, is so arranged that injured passengers or employés may be brought to the operating-table or to the beds without having to be lifted from the stretchers, and each bed is so arranged and equipped that the stretcher can be moved into the space usually occupied by the regular mattress.



1. THE UNDERNEATH OF THE TOY CAR THAT IS MADE TO MIMIC A MOTOR DISASTER, SHOWING THE MACHINERY.

2. THE CAR THAT IS MADE TO SMASH (BEFORE THE DISASTER).

3. THE CAR THAT IS MADE TO SMASH (AT THE MOMENT OF DISASTER).

4. THE ARMOUR-PROTECTED MOTOR-PROPELLED GUN.

5. THE WINNER OF THE SARTHE CIRCUIT AND HIS CAR IN EFFIGY.

6. A MOTOR-OMNIBUS.

#### A MINIATURE MOTOR-CAR DISASTER FOR THE PLAYROOM, AND OTHER MOTOR TOYS.

The toys illustrated were among those recently shown at an exhibition in Paris. Their ingenuity says much for the skill of their makers, as it does also for the ever-increasing interest in automobilism.—[PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRANGER.]



# SEEKING SPANISH GOLD IN TOBERMORY BAY.

DRAWING BY ALLAN STEWART, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT TOBERMORY; PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE RELICS BY G. A. HUNTER.



## THE ATTEMPT TO RECOVER THE TREASURE OF THE ARMADA GALLEON "FLORENZIA": THE SALVAGE OPERATIONS, AND SOME OF THE "TREASURE."

The work in connection with the attempt to recover treasure supposed to have been sunk in the Spanish Armada galleon "El Almirante de Florencia" in Tobermory Bay in 1588 has been abandoned for the season. Last year the operations lasted for six weeks only, and but a hundred square feet were dealt with; this year the search was extended to 350,000 square feet, and the divers are of opinion that they have now found all the material scattered by the explosion which sunk the vessel. The photographs show: (1) Bronze breech-block of a cannon; (2) a silver plate crushed by the digger; (3) an iron bullet; (4) a stone cannon-ball; (5) an oak dead-eye;

(6) a gun-barrel, much encrusted; (7) a perfect silver plate; (8) a  $1\frac{1}{2}$ -inch bullet; (9) a glass wine-bottle; (10) a lead shot, with flattened ends; (11) lead bullets; (12) a stone cannon-ball; (13) an earthenware jar, with green Spanish glaze. The two figures in the centre of the page show a Spaniard of the Armada period and a MacLean of the same period, whose clan claimed the treasure and twice fought for it. The centre illustration is from the painting by Allan Stewart, "A Relic of the Armada," showing the landing of Spaniards in Scotland. The original of this picture is in the possession of Sir Fitzroy MacLean, Bart.



# CELEBRATING THE QUATERCENTENARY OF ABERDEEN UNIVERSITY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL PRESS.



## PROCEEDINGS ON THE FIRST DAY, AND SOME OF THE DECORATIONS.

- |   |  |  |
|---|--|--|
| 1. THE DECORATIONS AT THE QUEEN VICTORIA STATUE.  | 4. PROFESSOR HODGSON (X).  | 7. THE EXTERIOR OF STRATHCONA HALL.                  |
| 2. UNION STREET DECORATED.  | 5. PRINCIPAL AND VICE-CHANCELLOR THE VERY REV. JOHN MARSHALL LANG (X). | 8. THE DECORATIONS AT THE CHURCH OF ST. NICHOLAS     |
| 3. DR. FARQUHARSON (ON RIGHT) AND MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE, LL.D., ON THEIR WAY TO THE COMMEMORATION SERVICE IN KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL. | 6. THE MARQUESS OF HUNTLY (IN THE KILT).                               | 9. A DISTINGUISHED GATHERING LEAVING MARISCHAL HALL. |
|   |  | 10. A GROUP OF LADY-STUDENTS.                        |





ILLUSTRATED BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

## IV.—(Continued.)

SHE had scarcely turned from studying the clock to open the sliding door of the china-cupboard and set out her stock of plates, cups, and saucers, before her ear caught the sound of voices—of loud voices too—on the steps above the landing-quay: and almost before she could catch her breath there came a knock on the door fit to wake the dead. Susannah whipped up her best apron off the chair where she had laid it ready to hand, and hurried out, pinning it about her.

The first sight she saw when she opened the door was a sailorman standing there under the verandah and smiling at her with a shiny, good-natured face. He was rigged out in best shore-going clothes—tarpaulin hat, blue coat and waistcoat, and duck trousers; with a broad waist-belt of leather. Behind him stood another sailorman, older and more gloomy looking; and behind the pair of them Susannah's eye ranged over half-a-dozen seedy tide-waiters and longshoremen, all very bashful-looking and crowded among a bevy of damsels of the sort that you might best describe as painted hussies.

"Good afternoon, Ma'am," said the sailorman, with a pacifyin' sort of smile.

"Good afternoon," said Susannah, catching her breath. "But, all the same, this isn't Babylon."

"You serve teas here, Ma'am?"

"No, we don't," answers Susannah, very sturdy.

"Then the board hav' made a mistake," said the sailor, scratching the back of his head and pushing his tarpaulin hat forward and sideways over his eyebrows. "It said that you was patronised by the naval and military, and that teas was provided."

"But we're a respectable house," said Susannah.

The sailorman gazed at her, long and earnest, and turned to his mate. "Good Lord, Bill!" said he, "what a dreadful mistake!"

"Ho!" said one of the ladies, tossing her chin. "Ho, I see what it is! The likes of us ain't good enough for the likes of her!"

"Not by a long chalk, Ma'am," agreed Susannah, her temper rising.

"It's this way, Ma'am," put in the sailorman very peaceable-like. "My name's Ben Joep, of the *Vesuvius* bomb, and this here's my mate Bill Adams. We was paid off this morning at half-past nine, and picked up a few hasty friends ashore for a Feet Sham-Peter. But o' course if this here is a respectable house there's no more to be said—except that maybe you'll be good enough to recommend us to one that isn't."

The poor fellow meant it well, but somehow or other his words so annoyed Susannah that she bounced in and slammed the door in his face. He stood for a while staring at it, and then turned and led the way down the steps again to the quay, walking like a man in a dream, and not seeming to hear the ladies—though one or two were telling him that he hadn't the pluck of a louse: and down at the quay the company came upon Master Nandy dandering towards them with his hands in his pockets.

"Hullo!" said Nandy.

"Hullo to you!" said Mr. Joep.

"Turned you out?" asked Nandy.

Mr. Joep glanced back at the roof of Merry-garden, which from the quay could be seen just overtopping the laylocks. "She's a sperited woman," he said; and after that there was a pause until Nandy asked him who he thought he was staring at. "I dunno," said Mr. Joep. "You puts me in mind of a boy I knew, one time. I stood godfather to him, and he grew up to be afflicted in much the same manner."

"I've been unwell," said Nandy, "and I haven't got over the effects of it."

"No, by George, you haven't," agreed Mr. Joep. "I've heard tar-water recommended."

"Is it worse-tasted than sulphur-water?" asked Nandy, and with that a wicked thought came into his mind, for he still nursed a spite against all that he had suffered under Doctor Clatworthy's care. "If you can't get taken in at Merry-garden," said he, "why don't you try Hijeem Villa, up the creek?"

"What's that?"

"It's—it's another establishment," said Nandy.

"Respectable? You'll excuse my askin'—"

"Tisn' for me to judge," said Nandy; "but they sit about the garden in their nightshirts, with a footman carryin' round the drinks."

## V.

Well, Sir, half-an-hour later Doctor Clatworthy and his patients were enjoying their mud-baths in the garden, up

at Hijeem Villa, and the Doctor had just begun to think about getting his water-douche and dressing himself to keep his appointment with Miss Sophia and the rest of the young ladies, when the backdoor opened and what should he see entering the garden but Mr. Joep, with all his bedizened company!

"Hi, you there!" shouted the Doctor from his bath. "Get out of this garden at once! Who are you? and what do you mean by walking into private premises?"

For a moment Mr. Joep stared about him, wondering where in the world the voice came from. But when he traced it to the garden-beds and there, in the midst of the flowers, spied a dozen human heads all a-blowing and a-growing with the stocks and carnations, his face turned white and red, and his eyes grew round, and he turned and stared at Bill Adams, and Bill Adams stared at Mr. Joep.

"Bill," said Mr. Joep, "is it—is it an earthquake?"

"'Tis a visitation o' some kind," said Bill. "I've heard o' such things—in Ireland—"

"Oh, Bill! an' to think that in another minute, if we hadn' arrived—" Mr. Joep caught hold of his mate's arm and hurried him forward to the rescue.

"Go away! Get out of this, I tell you!" yelled Clatworthy.

"Not me, Sir! Not a British sailor!" hurrahed back Mr. Joep. "Bill! Bill! Cast your eyes around and see if you can find a bit of rope anywheres in this blessed garden—and you, behind there, stop the women's screeching!"—for 'tis a fact that by this time two or three were falling about in the hysterics—"What! Not a loose end o' rope anywheres? Lord, how these land-men do live unprovided! But never you mind, Sir!—reach out a hand to me an' don't struggle—that is, if you're touching bottom. Strugglin' only makes it worse—"

"You silly fool!" shouted Clatworthy. "We're in no danger, I tell you! Begone, and take the women away with you. These grounds are private, once more!"

"Hey?" Mr. Joep by this time had one foot planted, very gingerly, on a flower-bed, and was reaching forth a hand to Clatworthy; and Clatworthy, squatting up to his chin in the warm mud, was lifting two naked arms to beat him off. "Private, hey?" says Mr. Joep, looking around and seeing the rest of the patients bobbing up and down in their baths between the rage of it and shame to show themselves too far. "Private? Then it oughtn't to be—that's all I say. But what in thunder are ye doing, it for?"

"Oh, get you, gone, man!" groaned Clatworthy.

"I've an appointment to keep!"

"Not in that state, sure-ly?"

"No, Sir—but how am I to get out of this and dress, till you lead off the women? And your cursed intrusion has made me fill my hair with mud, and to cleanse and dress it again will cost me half-an-hour at the least. Man, man, for pity's sake get out of this and take your women with you! Sir, when I tell you that in less than twenty minutes I am due to be at Merry-garden—if you know where that is—"

"To be sure," put in Mr. Joep.

"—To meet a company of ladies—"

"Avast there! Why, 'tis less than a half-hour ago they turned me out o' that very place. You—and in that state! Oh, be ashamed o' yourself!"

But just then a patient behind Clatworthy set up a yell so full of terror that even the Doctor slewed round his head and splashed more mud over his hair, all combed as it was in full pigeon-wing style.

"Bill!" said Mr. Joep, sharp-like. "Bill Adams! What are you doin' with that there water-pot?"

"Helpin'," said Bill. "Helpin' 'em to grow!"

## VI.

'Tis time, though, that we went back to Merry-garden.

The rising tide—and I ought to have told you that the tides that day were close upon the top of the springs, with high-water at five o'clock or thereabouts—the rising tide had barely carried Mr. Joep and his party from Nandy's sight, round the bend, before another boatload of pleasure-seekers hove in sight at the mouth of the creek. They were twelve in all, and the boat a twenty-foot galley belonging to one of the war-ships in the Hamoaze. She had been borrowed for the afternoon by the ship's second lieutenant, a Mr. Hardcastle, and with him he had

brought the third lieutenant besides a score of young officers belonging to the garrison—a captain and two cornets of the 4th Dragoons, a couple of gunners—officers, that is, of the Artillery—an elderly major and an ensign of the Marines, and the rest belonging to the Thirty-second Regiment of Foot (one of 'em, if I recollect, the Doctor). The last of the party was a slip of an officer of the French navy—Rainault by name—that had been taken prisoner by Mr. Hardcastle's ship, and bore no malice for it; a cheerful good-natured lad, and (now that he hadn't an excuse for fighting 'em) as merry with these young Britons as they were glad to have him of their party.

Nandy, of course, knew no more about them than what his eyes told him, that they were a party of officers from Plymouth come to enjoy themselves at Merry-garden. But the sight of them as they brought their boat to the quay and landed—the first customers of the afternoon—put him in mind that the time was drawing near for Miss Sophia to arrive with her class-mates, and that Doctor Clatworthy would soon be turning up to squire them around the orchard and entertain them at tea. He wickedly hoped that the Doctor hadn't left home before Mr. Joep reached Hijeem Villa. But the thought of Mr. Joep reminded him of what Mr. Joep had said concerning his pimples; and this again reminded him of what his beloved Miss Sophia had said on the same subject. He had promised her to continue taking mud baths on his own account, even after he had cut his lucky (as he put it) from Hijeem Villa. . . . To be sure, one bath wouldn't produce any immediate result. That wasn't to be expected. But it would be a guarantee of good faith, as they say in the newspapers: and though he hadn't time to dig a pit after the fashion of the baths in the Doctor's garden, still there was plenty of mud along the lower foreshore to give him a nice soft roll; and a plenty of water for a swim, to wash himself clean: and lastly (as he reckoned, having no watch) a plenty of time to do this and be dressed again before the dear creature arrived. Nandy, full of these virtuous resolves, turned his back on the quay and started to walk down the creek, along the foreshore, to a corner where he might count on being free from observation.

Meantime, the young officers, having landed and strolled up to the cottage, were being received by Susannah, and in a twitter, poor soul! "Her mistress was out—called away upon sudden business. Still, if they would take the ups with the downs, she would do her best to have tea ready in half an hour's time: and, meanwhile, they might roam the orchards and eat as many cherries as they had a mind to, and all for sixpence a head. Thirteen sixpences came—yes, surely—to six-and-sixpence. She would rather they paid when Aunt Barbree returned. Or, if they preferred it, there was a skittle-alley at the end of the garden, with a small bowling-green . . ."

They preferred the bowling-green. Susannah conducted them to it, unlocked the box of bowls, and was returning to the house in a flutter when, in the verandah before the front door, she came plump upon a bevy of young ladies, all as pretty as you please in muslin frocks and great summer hats to shield their complexions: whereof one, a little older than the rest (but pretty, notwithstanding), stepped forward and inquired, in a foreign-speaking voice, for Doctor Clatworthy.

"But he is in retard then!" this lady cried, when Susannah answered that, although she knew Doctor Clatworthy well, not a fur or feather of him had she seen that day (which was her way of putting it). "Ah, but how vexing! And Miss St. Maur was positive he would be beforehand!"

"Lor' bless you, my pretty!" said Susannah. "If the Doctor promised to be here, you may be sure he will be here." She went on to explain, as she had explained to the officers, that she was alone on the premises—her mistress had been called away upon sudden business—but if they would take the ups with the downs. . . . Then, her curiosity overcoming her—for, of course, she had heard gossip of the Doctor's intentions—"And which of you," she asked, "is he going to marry, making so bold?"

"If Doctor Clatworthy is so ungallant—" began Miss Sophia, jabbing with the point of her parasol at a crevice in the flagstones of the verandah.

"Fie, dear!" Ma'amselle Julie interrupted her.

"Well, at any rate, the mazzards are ripe," said Miss Sophia, "and I see no fun in waiting."

"So that's the maid," said Susannah to herself, and pitied her—having herself no great admiration for



Doctor Clatworthy, in spite of his riches: but she assured them that the Doctor—the most punctual of men—would certainly arrive within a few minutes. And the mazzards were crying out to be eaten. If the young ladies would make free of the orchards while she fit and boiled the kettle.

"The fun of it is," said Miss Sophia to Ma'amselle Julie ten minutes later, as they were staining their pretty lips with the juice of the black mazzards, "that if Doctor Clatworthy doesn't appear—"

"But he will, dear."

"The fun of it is that we haven't, I believe, eighteen-pence between us all."

"Miss St. Maur was positive that he would be punctual."

"But he isn't, you see: and—O, my dear, is it so wicked?—you can't think how I wish he would never come—never, never, never!"

"Sophia!"

"Even," went on Miss Sophia, nodding her head, "if I've eaten all these cherries under false pretences, and have to go to prison for it!"

Well, somehow, in all this, the young ladies had been drawing nearer and nearer to the bowling-green, where the young officers were skylarking and trundling the bowls at the fat major at three shots a penny and the pool going to the player who caught him on the ankles. When they were tired of this they came strolling forth in a body, the most of them with arms linked, just as Susannah appeared at the end of the path carrying a tray piled with tea-things.

"Hallo! Petticoats, begad!" said the youngest ensign among them; and Ma'amselle Julie, linking an arm in Miss Sophia's, was turning away with a proper show of ignorance that any such thing as a party of young men existed in the world, when a voice cried out—

"Julie!"

"Eh?" the lady turned, all white in the face. "Eh? What—Edoo-ard? My cousin Edoo-ard?"

"Dear Julie!" It was the young French officer, and he ran and caught her by both hands and kissed them. "To think of meeting you, here in England! But let me introduce my friends—my friends the enemy." And here he rattled off their names in a hurry.

"Really, one would suppose that Doctor Clatworthy was lost!" said Miss Sophia with a cold-seeming bow and a glance along the path.

"You have ordered tea here?" asked the young naval lieutenant, Mr. Hardcastle.

"There *was* to have been tea."

"I do hope, Miss," said he, "that we are not ousting you from your table?"

"To tell the truth," said Miss Sophia. "I know nothing about the arrangements. A gentleman was to have been here to receive us—indeed we have come at his invitation—but he is in no hurry, it seems."

"Indeed, Miss," put in Susannah, "and I'm sure I don't know what to do. The gentlemen, here, have engaged the big summer-house, which holds forty at a pinch, and there's no other place that'll seat more than half-a-dozen. Of course," said she, "the two parties could sit at the long table, one at each end—"

But here young Mr. Hardcastle, after a glance at Miss Julie and her young Frenchman—that were already deep in talk together—cut Susannah short with a sly wink. He was a lad of great presence of mind, and rose in later life to be an Admiral.

"Ladies," said he, "I feel sure that if we leave the arrangements entirely to this good woman, your worthy squire—whenever he chooses to put in an appearance—will find nothing to complain of."

Well, well . . . I can't tell you just how it happened: but happen it did, and I daresay you've seen enough of the ways of young folk to understand it. While Susannah bustled back to the house to fetch the relays, the two parties fell to talking of the weather and the pretty flowers, and from that to strolling little by little along the pathway, in a body at first—but afterwards, as one young lady stopped to smell at a carnation and another to admire the splashes of colour on Aunt Barbree's York-and-Lancaster roses, the company got separated into twos and fours, and the fours broke up into twos, and the distance between pair and pair kept getting wider and wider. Ma'amselle Julie ought to have hindered it, of course, overcome though she was with joy at meeting her kinsman. But she wasn't to blame for what followed, and for my part I've a shrewd notion that Mr. Hardcastle must have found an opportunity and slipped half-a-crown into Susannah's hand . . . At any rate when Susannah rang a bell along the lower path to announce that tea was ready, they came strolling back (and from the varriousest corners of the garden) to find that the silly woman had gone and laid the tables, not in the big summer-house at all, but all along in a line of little arbours.

Then, of course, began the prettiest confusion, Ma'amselle Julie protesting that she couldn't think of allowing such a thing, and Mr. Hardcastle pointing out what a shame it would be to overwork poor Susannah by making her lay the tables over again, and the young ladies in a flutter between laughing and making believe to be angry, and one or two couples agreeing that the dispute was all about nothing and that they might as well find a quiet arbour and wait till it was over.

Yes, yes . . . you understand . . . and in the midst of it all, and just as Mr. Hardcastle had carried his point and Ma'amselle Julie gave way, declaring that never in this world would she be able to look Miss St. Maur in the face again, who should come hurrying past the verandah but Dr. Clatworthy himself!

In the babel of talking and laughing no one had heard his footstep; and he came to a halt by a laylock-bush at the end of the verandah and stood staring: and while he stared his face went red, and then white, and

he reeled back behind the bush and put both hands to his head.

What had he seen! His bride—his chosen Sophia—disappearing into an arbour with a young man! And her youthful companions—pupils of an establishment he had chosen with such care—making merry with a group of uniformed officers—of soldiers—most profligate of men! O monstrous!

But what was to be done? Could he stalk into the midst of the party and raise a scene? The young men might laugh at him . . . and even supposing he put them to rout, what was he to do next? He would find himself with those abandoned girls left on his hands. A pleasant tea-party, that! And Miss St. Maur might not be arriving for another hour—could he spend all that time in lecturing them? Could he even trust himself to speak to Sophia? Doctor Clatworthy, still holding his head, staggered down the steps and forth from the garden. He wanted air.

He had done with Sophia for ever! His first demand of a woman worthy to be his wife was that she should never have looked upon another man to make eyes at him, and he had distinctly seen (O, monstrous, monstrous, to be sure!) . . . He would go straight home and write Miss St. Maur a letter the like of which that lady had never received in her life.

With these terrible thoughts working in his head the poor man had crossed a couple of fields on his way home when he looked up and saw the lady herself—Miss St. Maur—coming towards him along the footpath over the knap of the hill.

"Doctor Clatworthy!"

"Ma'am."

"Why—why, wherever have you left dear Sophia and the rest of my charges?"

"At Merry-garden, Ma'am—and in various summer-houses, Ma'am—and making free, Ma'am, with a vicious soldiery!"

"But it is impossible!" cried Miss St. Maur when he had told his tale of horror. "I refuse to believe it. Indeed, Sir, I can only think you have taken leave of your senses!"

"Come and see for yourself, Ma'am," said the Doctor, cold as ice to look at, but with an inside like a furnace.

He was forced almost to a run to keep pace with Miss St. Maur: but at the steps leading up to the garden he made her promise him to go quiet, and the pair tip-toed up and through the verandah and peered around the laylock bush.

"There!" cried Miss St. Maur turning to him and pointing up the path with her parasol.

To and fro along the path a party of young ladies was strolling disconsolate. They walked in pairs, to be sure: and the hum of their voices reached to the laylock bush as they bent and discussed the flowers in Aunt Barbree's border. Not a uniform, not a man, was in sight.

"There!" said Miss St. Maur. "There, Sir! What did I tell you?"

## VII.

The cause of it all was Nandy. Nandy had found a nice out-of-the-way corner of the foreshore, with a patch of mud above the water's edge, and, after a good roll in it (it was a trifle smellier than the baths at Hijeon Villa, but nothing amiss), had waded out into the tide for a thorough wash. He was standing in water up to his arm-pits and rinsing the mud out of his hair when, happening to glance shorewards, he caught a glimpse of scarlet, and rubbed his eyes to see a red-coated soldier standing on the beach and overhauling his clothes, which he had left there in a heap.

"Hi!" sang out Nandy. "You leave those clothes alone: they're mine!"

The soldier put up a hand and seemed to be beckoning, cautious-like.

Nandy waded nearer. "Looky-here, lobster—none of your tricks!" he said. "They-there clothes belong to me."

"I ain't goin' to be a lobster, as you put it, much longer," said the soldier. "I'm a-goin' to cast my shell." And with that he begins to unbutton his tunic. "If you try to interfere, young man, I'll wring your neck; and if you cry out, I carry a pistol upon me"—and sure enough he pulled a pistol from his pocket and laid it on the stones between his feet. "I'm a desperate man," he said.

"Hullo!" said Nandy, beginning to understand. "Desertin', eh?"

The soldier nodded as he flung the tunic down on the beach—and Nandy took note of the figures 32 in brass on the collar. "It's all along of a woman," said he.

"Ah!" said Nandy, sympathetic. "There's lots of us in the world taken that way."

"Looky-here," said the soldier, "if you try any sauce with me, you'll be sorry for it; and, what's more, you won't get this pretty suit o' clothes I was minded to leave you for a present."

"Thank you," said Nandy.

"They won't fit so badly if you turn up the bottoms o' the pantaloons: and you can't look worse than you do in a state o' nature."

"All right," said Nandy; "only make haste about it; for 'tis cold standin' here in the water."

To tell the truth a rare notion had crept into his head. This scarlet uniform—for scarlet it was, with white and yellow facings—had come as a godsend. He would walk home in it, and if it didn't frighten twenty shillings out of Aunt Barbree he must have lost the knack of lying.

"You can't be in more of a hurry than I am," answered the soldier, stripping to the very buff—for everything he wore, down to his shirt, carried the regimental mark. The only part of Nandy's wardrobe he spared were the boots, which wouldn't fit him at all.

"So long!" said the soldier, having lit his pipe: and with that he gave a shake to settle himself down in

Nandy's clothes, picked up his pistol and scrambled up through the bushes. In thirty seconds he was over the cliff and out of sight, and Nandy left to stare at his new uniform.

He picked up the articles gingerly and slipped them on, one by one. There was a coarse flannel shirt with a leather stock, a pair of woollen socks, black pantalons with a line of red piping, spatterdashes, a tunic such as I've described—with pipe-clayed belt and cross-belt—and last of all a great japanned shako mounted with a brass plate and chin-strap and a scarlet-and-white cockade like a shaving-brush. When his toilet was finished, Nandy stepped down to the edge of the tide to take a look at his own reflection. It seemed to him that he cut a fine figure; but somehow he couldn't fetch up stomach to wear the magnificent shako, but took his way towards Merry-garden carrying it a-dangle by the chin-strap. However, by the time he reached the gate he had begun to feel more accustomed to his grandeur, and likewise that in for a penny was in for a pound: so, clapping the blessed thing tight on his head and pulling down the strap, he marched up the steps boldly.

The verandah was empty, and he strode along it and past the laylock bush where—scarce ten minutes before—Doctor Clatworthy had received such a desperate shock. A little way beyond it was a path leading round to the back door, and Nandy was making for this when his ears caught the sound of laughing and the jingling of tea-cups from the line of arbours, and he spied Susannah coming towards the house with a teapot in one hand and an empty cream-dish in the other. For the moment she didn't recognise him.

"Attention! Stand at ease!" said Nandy, drawing himself up to the salute.

"The Lord deliver us!" screamed Susannah, dropping teapot and cream-dish together: and at the sound of it a dozen gentlemen in regimentals came rushing out from their arbours. Before Nandy knew whether he stood on his heels or his head one of these gentlemen had gripped him by the collar, and was requiring him to say instanter what the devil he meant by it.

"Why, damme," shouted someone, "if 'tisn't the uniform of the Thirty-second! Here! Shilston! Appleshaw!"

"What's wrong?"

"The fellow belongs to yours."

"The deuce he does! Slew him round and show his face."

"Oh, Nandy, Nandy!"—this was Miss Sophia's voice—"Have you really been and gone and enlisted!"

"No, Miss, I han't"—by this time Nandy was blubbering for very fright. He tore himself loose and fell at Miss Sophia's feet. "But I was takin' a bath, Miss—for my skin's sake, as advised by you—and a sojer came and took my clothes by main force"—here Nandy sobbed aloud—"I—I think, Miss, he must ha' meant to desert!"

"Hey!" One of the officers took him again by the collar. "What's that you're saying? A deserter . . . left you these clothes and bolted. . . . O, stop your whining and answer! When? Where?"

Nandy checked his tears—but not his sobs—and pointed. "Down by the foreshore, Sir . . . not a quarter of an hour since . . . he took the way up the Lynher, towards St. Germans . . ."

"Here, Appleshaw, this is serious! Trehane, Drury—you'll help us? A man of ours, deserted. . . . You'll excuse us, ladies—we'll bring the fellow back to you if we catch him. Show us the way, youngster—down by the creek, did you say? Tallyho, boys! One and all! Yoicks, forra'd! Go-one away!"—and dragging Nandy with them, the pack pelted out of the garden.

## VIII.

Now you understand how it was that Doctor Clatworthy and Miss St. Maur, entering the garden ten minutes later, saw but a bevy of disconsolate maidens strolling the paths, and no uniform nor sign of one.

"There!" said Miss St. Maur, pointing with her parasol. "There, Sir! What did I tell you!"

Doctor Clatworthy stared about him and mopped his brow. "But when I assure you, Madam—"

"O, cruel, cruel!" Miss St. Maur burst into tears.

"Madam!" Doctor Clatworthy looked about him again. The young ladies had turned and were withdrawing slowly to the far end of the walk. By this time, you must know, the light had fallen dim, but with the moon rising and the sun not gone altogether. "Madam! Dear Madam!" said Doctor Clatworthy, and was pressing her, polite as a lamb, towards the nearest arbour to seat her there and persuade her. But before he could pilot her past the laylock bush, forth from that very arbour stepped a couple, and from the next arbour another couple, and both couples took the garden-path, and in each couple the heads were closer together than necessary for ordinary talk and the eyes of them seemingly too well occupied to notice the Doctor and Miss St. Maur by the laylock bush.

—You see, Mr. Hardcastle, who belonged to the Navy, hadn't felt the need to trouble himself about a deserter from the sister service; and Mr. Rainault had found a cousin, and naturally felt no concern in chasing a man to strengthen the British army.

"My dear Madam!" said Doctor Clatworthy, and led Miss St. Maur towards the arbour. For certain he had recognised Miss Sophia: but maybe he let her go then and there from his thoughts. And Miss St. Maur by his side was weeping bitterly.

Doctor Clatworthy wasn't used to a woman in tears. He took Miss St. Maur's hand, and by-and-by, finding her sobs didn't stop, he pressed it, and . . . Well, that's all the story. I've heard my mother tell it a score of times, and always when she came to this point, she'd laugh and tell me to marry for choice before I came to fifty, or else trust to luck and buy a handkerchief.

THE END.





FATE IN FUR: A PINE-MARTEN KILLING A BLACKCOCK.

FROM THE DRAWING BY G. E. LODGE.



# A DISASTER FOR WHICH NO CAUSE CAN BE FOUND:

## THE MYSTERIOUS RAILWAY ACCIDENT AT GRANTHAM.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE WRECKAGE.



THE BREAKDOWN GANGS AT WORK.  
Showing the gas-cylinders (X), which it is suggested should be forbidden on trains.



THE STRAIGHT LINE THE TRAIN SHOULD HAVE TAKEN (1),  
AND THE SHARPLY CURVED LINE IT TOOK (2).



THE WINDOW THROUGH WHICH THE FRONT GUARD EMERGED  
AFTER HIS MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.



THE FRAMES AND WHEELS OF WRECKED COACHES ON THE INCLINE  
DOWN WHICH PART OF THE TRAIN FELL.



THE COACHES THAT ESCAPED, AND THE INCLINE DOWN WHICH THE  
FORE PART OF THE TRAIN FELL.

The terrible railway disaster at Grantham on September 19 is one of the most extraordinary of recent times from the fact that the cause of it is never likely to be ascertained. Many theories have been advanced, one of them being that the driver was taken mentally or physically ill just when he should have stopped the train at Grantham Station. The actual cause of the overturning seems fairly certain. The train, which was travelling at about forty miles an hour, should have taken the straight line shown in one of our photographs; but, instead of this, it took the line curving sharply to the left to Nottingham. On such a curve a train travelling at any speed above ten miles an hour would almost inevitably meet disaster.

PHOTOGRAPH 1 BY PARKS, 2 AND 4 BY TOPICAL, 3 BY HALFONES, 5 AND 6 BY ILLUSTRATION BUREAU.



## A QUEEN'S WORK AND A QUEEN-CONSORT'S HOLIDAY.



Dowager Empress of Russia. The Queen.

### A QUEEN-CONSORT'S HOLIDAY: QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S LUNCHEON-PARTY ON THE "VICTORIA AND ALBERT."

PHOTOGRAPH BY BROCHNER.

From left to right, the photograph shows in the line sitting, Lady Johnstone, wife of the British Minister; the King of Denmark, the Dowager Empress of Russia, Queen Alexandra, the Queen of Denmark, the Crown Princess, Princess Waldemar, Princess Thyra and Princess Dagmar of Denmark; at the end of the row are the Grand Duke Michael of Russia and Prince Harold of Denmark; behind are Prince Gustave, Prince Orel, Prince Waldemar, and the Crown Prince of Denmark. In front are Princess Waldemar's three youngest children.



### A QUEEN'S WORK: QUEEN WILHELMINA OPENING THE NETHERLANDS PARLIAMENT.

PHOTOGRAPH BY WOLF.

The Speech from the Throne stated among other things that warlike action in the island of Little Java had been made necessary by the refusal of the chiefs to satisfy the very moderate demands of the Dutch; that laws dealing with limited liability companies will be brought forward; that the taxes on capital and trade licenses will be united in a single income-tax; and that the partial reclaiming of the Zuyder Zee is under consideration.



## EX LIBRIS.

UNDOUBTEDLY Mr. Robert Hichens is possessed by the joy of form and colour as Rossetti was possessed by it. It is one of the motives of existence; it is a well-spring of passion; it is an essential of healthy youth. In "The Call of the Blood" (Methuen), Maurice Delarey exemplifies this view with a particular emphasis. He was a handsome, mediocre young Englishman, but his grandmother had been a Sicilian contadina. His English bride "of thirty-four, five-feet-ten in height, flat, thin, but strongly built," a clever, large-hearted woman, with a plain face, took him to Sicily for their honeymoon; and straightway the contadina's blood awoke and whirled him, from tarantella dance to illicit courtship, down to disaster. His wife went to nurse a friend in Africa. Her reasons for leaving him behind are the weakest thing in the book; but let that pass; and though his honest love for her continued it was impotent to save him. The Sicilian night, which called him out to the "almost angry joy of keen bodily exertion"; the Sicilian day, which contained the dancing peasant boys, the piping of a shepherd's flute, the gay dress of Maddalena the fisherman's daughter—these, under the over-lordship of Etna, were the causes of his tragedy. He had married Hermione Lester, we are told, because her character was the complement of his physical perfection; but we think this point is laboured. The story throbs in the grasp of the writer, who has expressed it with great artistic power. It is a remarkable demonstration of a sensuous delight in w a r m beauty and the ecstasy of living. At the time it commands the reader; but in sober after-reflection a critic may have his suspicions of theatricality. Is it the real Sicily, or Sicily according to Mr. Hichens—Shakspeare according to Mr. Tree? In any case, it is a wonderful performance.



TENNYSON'S BAPTISMAL FONT

The true portraiture of Mary Queen of Scots remains as puzzling a matter as her real character; but Mr. Andrew Lang, in his "Portraits and Jewels of Mary Stuart" (Glasgow: MacLehose), has made a real advance in the solution of the minor problem. The book contains, in a revised and enlarged form, some chapters contributed to that excellent periodical, the *Scottish Historical Review*, and is illustrated by seventeen engravings of great interest, admirably reproduced. Mr. Lang presupposes, we fancy, some acquaintance with the work of Mr. Foster and Mr. Cust on this special aspect of the subject, but his pages can be read with interest by anyone who has a fair knowledge of the facts of Queen Mary's career. Of course, the conventional portraits of the Queen—the things that tourists buy in the Edinburgh shops—are worthless. But one puzzling fact is that, although it is fairly clear that during her lifetime portraits were multiplied to meet the demand of her adherents (Mr. Lang points out, what most people will not recognise, that during her captivity Mary was considered by a great many Englishmen, for very sound reasons, to be the rightful Queen of England), her own grandson, Charles I., a skilful connoisseur and collector of pictures, was unable to secure a satisfactory portrait. The difficulties of the subject cannot be discussed without minute examination of details; suffice it to say that Mr. Lang shows characteristic acumen, though he cannot attain to certainty, and that he makes out a very strong case for two portraits, the "Leven and Melville" and the "Morton," which have not received sufficient attention from his predecessors. He says very little about the Queen's jewels, except in so far as their representation in the various portraits bears upon the authenticity of the latter, but of course catalogues of these are easily accessible elsewhere.

It is a strange thing that a generation so fond as ours is of talking about "the Anglo-Saxon Race" should be content to remain in ignorance as to the real meaning of the term. We are all ready to accept what was taught us at school. Unfortunately the very interesting posthumous work of Mr. Thomas William Shore, "Origin of the Anglo-Saxon Race: a Study of the Settlement of England and the Tribal Origin of the Old English People" (Elliot Stock) will hardly appeal to the general public, though it is to be hoped that some, at least, of his conclusions may gradually find their way into the school-

books of another generation. From a careful study of the existing evidence Mr. Shore formed the view that not only was the Scandinavian influence in England and the Scotch Lowlands far wider than used to be supposed, but that there is a distinct Slav strain in the English people. This doctrine is startling, but Mr. Shore makes out a very strong case for the presence among the "Teutonic" conquerors of Britain of a number of Wends (kinsmen of the Vandals) from the Baltic, who were certainly Slavs. The evidence, which cannot easily be summarised, rests on place-names (such as Wendover and Windsor) and local customs of inheritance. It appears that the custom of "Borough-English" by which the youngest son inherited, and which has always been a puzzle, is entirely Slavonic, and is found in no purely Teutonic people. (It cannot be Celtic.) Our Saxons came from North Germany, our Jutes from Jutland, but our Angles from a part of what is now Sweden. Thus the Angles were exceedingly near relations to Canute's "Danes." Also we inherit much of the blood of Goths, Frisians, and other Germanic tribes. How Matthew Arnold would have enjoyed the discovery that the English middle-classes are largely descended from Goths and Vandals! Mr. Shore's work did not receive the final touches, and is therefore rather a quarry for future historians than a book easy to be read. But its interest and importance are undeniable. For instance, he makes it clear that there was never an Anglo-Saxon language spoken by our Continental forefathers (for whom see Freeman and J. R. Green, *passim*), but that Old English was formed in England by the fusion of the dialects of numerous distinct tribes. The weak spot in the book is the uncertainty with which Mr. Shore handles Celtic questions—which are not easy. But one can say with certainty that he is wrong in identifying the Tuatha De Danann of Ireland (whose name he transcribes incorrectly) with Northmen: they were probably early gods

on awakening. Who was the devil but Tartini himself? The book is divided into three parts: I. *Normal*, dealing with the ordinary problems of psychology, with special reference to the sub-conscious; II. *Abnormal*, containing chapters on Dream-Consciousness, Hypnotic States, Altered Personalities, etc.; III. *Theoretical*, presenting a summary of results and a constructive theory. The style of the book is extremely lucid, and the ordinary reader will not find himself burdened with an excessive use of technical terms.

The report of the recent Royal Commission on Supply of Food and Raw Material in Time of War did not attract as much attention as the importance of the subject warrants, and Mr. Cope Cornford, in "The Defenceless Islands" (E. Grant Richards), has done good service by setting forth in a manner easy to follow the probable consequences of a maritime war. He accepts—on what seem to us adequate grounds—the conclusions of the minority of the Commission, and his argument should be serious enough to shake the ignorant optimism of the nation, were it possible, in time of peace, to make Englishmen think about the chances of the future. Assuming not even that we suffer a grave naval reverse, but merely that we find ourselves at war with a strong naval Power or alliance, Mr. Cornford attempts to trace the inevitable consequences upon our industries and our social system of a state of war. He considers the effect of a war which should make (as any conceivable European war must make) the seas unsafe and our supplies uncertain, and tries to see what would happen to our shipping, coal, cotton and woollen industries, ironworks, and wheat-supplies. The forecast is most disquieting, but it is impossible to deny that the mere introduction of an element of uncertainty into our sea-traffic must dislocate business and raise prices in a group of islands

that import their food and depend for industrial existence on selling manufactures to overseas customers. Mr. Cornford has no remedy, but he should set us all thinking what it means to depend absolutely, as we do, on overseas commerce.

Mr. W. G. Rawlinson is the official cataloguer of Turner engravings; and the new edition of his "Turner's Liber Studiorum: A Description and Catalogue" (Macmillan) is a volume that must go to every art library in the making—and whose library has so deadly a quality as completion? True, there are not many changes since the edition of 1878; but the few are essential. Most possessors of a portfolio have some plates from the great series: to which "state" they belong was, without a doubt, the feverish anxiety of the day of their acquisition. And who, when the excitement of possible treasure-trove is present, would be content with a reference to a volume of twenty-eight years ago, while the latest knowledge stands ready in Mr. Rawlinson's latest edition? Of the lettering of the plates, of the differences between first and subsequent im-

pressions, we will not write here, except to say that these last are obvious enough in most cases, constituting as they do the difference between an engraving which is a beautiful interpretation of a beautiful original, and one which totally fails to convey the effect desired of the artist. First "states" will show a horizon luminous with Turner's incomparable rendering of the light of morning or of evening, later prints merely presenting to the eye inarticulate smudges of ink. Turner, though fastidiously exacting from himself and from his engravers, did not scruple to sell inferior impressions of his plates, a defection that was declared by an upright and perhaps unimaginative engraver as immoral. Turner was exacting in the matter of cheap, as well as of good work. It was with misgivings of posterity's comments that one engraver renounced the glory of working with the great master because he could not afford to accept the terms offered him. One winces at the trial that certain minor details of Turner's life must have been to Ruskin's feelings—Ruskin the gracious and the generous. Mr. Rawlinson is wise to interpose the masterly words of the author of "Modern Painters" among the sober entries of his catalogue. As to the motive of the "Liber," which Mr. Rawlinson takes to have been the emulation, merely, of Claude, Ruskin necessarily had the large idea which he sought and found everywhere. The oppression of decay, the melancholy of the passage of time, was, he believed, the besetting idea of the designer. Stagnant streams and haggard peasants greeted Ruskin's eye in these plates, but we must confess that we fail, with Mr. Rawlinson, to find a consistent depression in the "Liber." Mr. Rawlinson's comments are throughout careful and well-judged. But it is Ruskin who wrote that "there is something of the nineteenth century about Jason's legs"—a shrewd criticism that only a great critic could have made in the presence of the nobly classical serpent plate.



Photos, Henry Walker.

## A TENNYSON RELIC: THE PROPOSED RESTORATION OF SOMERSBY CHURCH, LINCOLNSHIRE.

A movement is on foot to restore the church of Somersby, associated with Tennyson's earliest years. The font is that used at the poet's christening.

transformed by monkish writers into a race of human conquerors; but, if human, they were pre-Celtic. And it is very nearly safe to say that ogham writing cannot possibly have been "a variation of runic writing" and of Scandinavian origin. He works the Scandinavian theory a little too hard. But he proves that Freeman worked the Teutonic theory very much too hard.

The sub-conscious region of the mind is now receiving marked attention at the hands of psychologists. We have only to recall the full content of such everyday actions as walking, writing, speaking, dressing, playing the piano, etc., to realise how large a portion of our conscious life lies below the threshold of the waking mind, and that as skill increases the sense of effort diminishes. "Knowledge goes, but wisdom lingers." We may quote Professor Jastrow's very amusing illustration—

The centipede was happy quite  
Until the toad for fun  
Said, "Pray, which leg comes after which?"  
This wrought his mind to such a pitch,  
He lay distracted in the ditch,  
Considering how to run.

The significance of "The Sub-Conscious," by Joseph Jastrow (Constable) lies in the position that is maintained, as the fruit of much acute and diligent research, that the apparently abnormal phases of mental procedure, such as dreams, somnambulism, hypnotic states, the effect of drugs, altered personalities, may all be treated scientifically as phenomena of the sub-conscious regarded as a natural function. Although the book is constructive and not controversial, this point of view is meant to be subversive of the theory of a "subliminal self," which frames its conception "on a fundamental emphasis of the schism of conflicting personalities," and renders itself "liable to affiliation with 'occult' conceptions of every shade and grade of extravagance." "Tartini heard the devil play a wonderful sonata, and set it down



# CELEBRATING THE NAMEDAY OF

# A RUSSIAN WARRIOR-SAINT.

PHOTOGRAPHS

BY BELLA.



PRIESTS AT THE RECENT RELIGIOUS CEREMONY IN HONOUR OF ALEXANDER NEVSKY AT ST. PETERSBURG.



THE PRIESTS AT THE CROSSWAYS ON THE OCCASION OF THE CELEBRATIONS.

The nameday of Alexander Nevsky was celebrated in St. Petersburg the other day with fitting ceremony. Alexander Nevsky, who was born in 1219 and died in 1263, was the second son of the Grand Duke Jaroslav II., and became Prince of Novgorod in 1239. In 1240 he routed the invading Swedes, Danes, and Livonians near the Neva (hence Nevsky); and he opposed Innocent IV.'s attempt to reunite the Eastern and Western Churches. Reverenced in his lifetime, he was canonised after his death. In honour of him Peter the Great created the Order of Alexander Nevsky, and founded a monastery near the scene of the victory. The monastery includes twelve churches, the residence of the Metropolitan of St. Petersburg, a theological academy, and tombs of distinguished Russians.



# THE TSAR INSPECTING THE SUPPORTERS OF HIS THRONE: THE RECENT REVIEW BEFORE HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY.



THE GENERAL IN COMMAND DRINKING TO THE HEALTH OF THE INFANT TSAREVITCH.



THE TSAR IN THE UNIFORM OF THE PAVLOVSK REGIMENT.



Tsaritsa.

Tsar.

THE TSAR AND TSARITSA INSPECTING THE ALEXANDER NEVSKY REGIMENT.



Tsaritsa.

THE TSAR AND TSARITSA LEAVING THE REVIEW IN THE IMPERIAL MOTOR-CAR.

The Tsar was to have attended a review of the Guards and General Trépoiff's funeral on September 18, but did not do so, it being understood that yet another plot against his life had been discovered. His Majesty is now on board the imperial yacht, making a tour of the Finnish coast.



## THE OLD-WORLD CHARM OF ABERDEEN: TWO FAMOUS LANDMARKS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY G. W. WILSON AND BY HARDIE.



KING'S COLLEGE AND ITS CROWN: THE ORIGINAL FOUNDATION OF THE UNIVERSITY.

King's College, in Old Aberdeen, was founded by Bishop Elphinstone in 1494 in virtue of a Bull granted by Pope Alexander VI. The original document, with the leaden "Bulla" perfect, is still in the library. The buildings were not completed till 1505-6, the date that gives point to the Quatercentenary celebrations of this week. The Crown and the Chapel (on the left) remain as Elphinstone left them. The rest is later. Marischal College is in the new town.



THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. MACHAR, OLD ABERDEEN.

Not far from King's College is the Cathedral of Old Aberdeen. The foundation dates from 1137, but the buildings were not completed till 1522. Here John Barbour, author of "The Bruce," was Archdeacon in 1357. In 1688 the central tower fell, destroying the choir, St. John's aisle, and Bishop Dunbar's aisle. All that remains is the nave, the marriage porch, and the west front.





THE QUATERCENTENARY OF ABERDEEN UNIVERSITY: THE NEW BUILDINGS OF MARISCHAL COLLEGE, OPENED BY THE KING, SEPTEMBER 27.

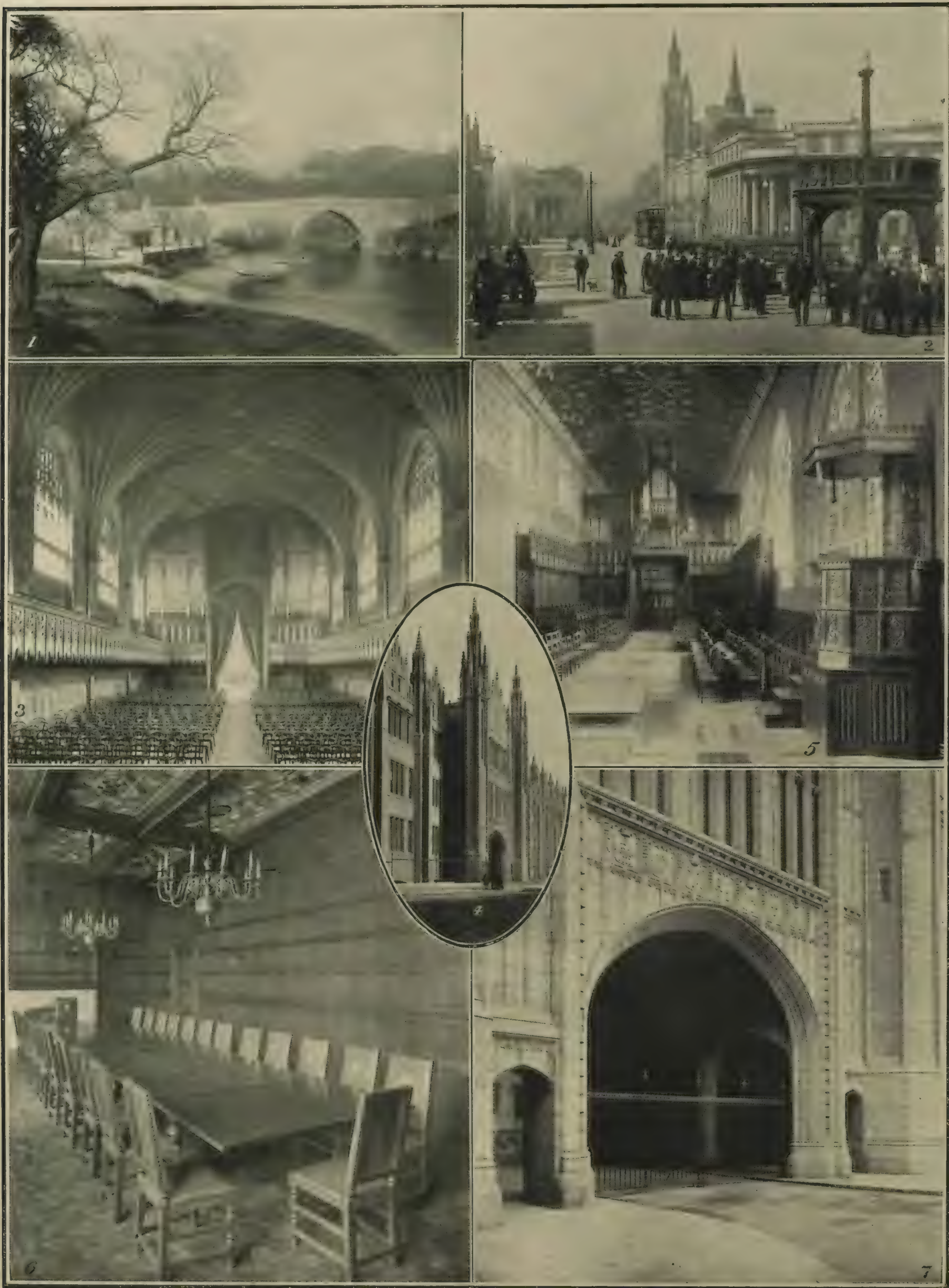
PHOTOGRAPH BY G. W. WILSON; PORTRAITS BY MORGAN AND BY HARDIE.

Aberdeen University dates from 1494, when King's College was founded by Bishop Elphinstone. Marischal College was founded in 1593, by George, 5th Earl Marischal. The present year has been chosen for the quatercentenary because the first buildings of King's College were completed in 1506. The 400th birthday of that foundation, however, coincides happily with the completion of the great extension of Marischal College. The completed building of Marischal College, which was opened by the King on the 27th, is second in size only to the Escorial among the granite buildings of the world. The

chief benefactors who made the extension possible were the late Mr. Charles Mitchell, of the firm of Armstrong, Newcastle; his son, the late Mr. C. W. Mitchell; and Lord Strathcona, the present Chancellor. Mr. Charles Mitchell gave over £30,000. His son gave £20,000, and Lord Strathcona gave £25,000 on condition that another £25,000 was to be raised within a certain time. The Town Council gave £21,000. The total cost has been about £220,000. The decorations on this page are from Aberdeen City and University arms, and from the tracery of the wonderful carved-oak choir screen in King's College.



# THE KING'S VISIT TO THE CITY AND UNIVERSITY OF ABERDEEN. NEW AND OLD GLORIES OF THE CITY AND NEIGHBOURHOOD.



1. THE ARCH BYRON FEARED TO CROSS ON HORSEBACK: THE OLD BRIDGE OF DON.

2. WHERE THE KING WAS ENTERTAINED: THE TOWN HOUSE. ON THE RIGHT IS THE OLD MARKET CROSS.

3. THE MITCHELL HALL, MARISCHAL COLLEGE.

4. THE UNIVERSITY BUILDINGS INAUGURATED BY THE KING: THE FAÇADE OF MARISCHAL COLLEGE.

5. KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, THE OLDEST PART OF THE UNIVERSITY BUILDINGS.

6. THE NEW COURT ROOM, MARISCHAL COLLEGE.

7. WHERE THE KING ENTERED MARISCHAL COLLEGE: THE GREAT GATE, WITH ITS ARMORIAL BEARINGS.

The old bridge of Don, "the Brig o' Balgownie," near Old Aberdeen, was built in 1281. Of it Thomas the Rhymer prophesied that with "a wife's ae son and a mare's ae foal" the bridge would fall. Byron, an only son, dismounted before crossing the bridge. The Town House dates from 1870, and the Market Cross from 1686. The Mitchell Hall, in Marischal College, was completed in 1895. King's College Chapel is the oldest part of the University buildings. It was completed by the Founder, Bishop Elphinstone, in 1506. Elphinstone's tomb is the plain monument in the foreground. The new room for the University Court at Marischal College has a beautiful heraldic ceiling. Over the Great Gateway of the College the arms, from left to right, are those of Lord Strathcona (Chancellor), Old Aberdeen, Bishop Elphinstone, the University, Earl Marischal, Aberdeen (City), and the late Mr. Charles Mitchell, whose generosity furthered the completion of the College.—[PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILSON AND BY HARDIE]



# THE GERMAN EMPRESS IN COMMAND OF HER OWN REGIMENT.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK FROM A SKETCH BY E. HOSANG.



Kaiser.

Kaiserin.

THE EMPRESS AUGUSTA VICTORIA LEADING THE CUIRASSIERS OF THE GUARD PAST THE KAISER.

At a review during the manoeuvres in Silesia, the German Empress led her own regiment, the Cuirassiers of the Garde du Corps, past the Kaiser. The Empress wore the Cuirassiers' uniform, but not the helmet, which was replaced by a plumed hat. The late Empress Frederick used to take command of her own regiment of Hussars, whose uniform she wore.





*Photo. Topical Press*

THE LAUNCH OF H.M. COASTAL DESTROYER "GLOW-WORM" AT CHISWICK.



*Photo. A. Grahame*

THE LAUNCH OF H.M. FIRST-CLASS CRUISER "SHANNON" AT CHATHAM.



*Photo. Hogg*

THE LAUNCH OF THE S.S. "ADRIATIC," OF THE WHITE STAR LINE.



*Photo. Thompson and Lee*

THE LAUNCH OF THE S.S. "MAURETANIA," OF THE CUNARD LINE.

UPHOLDING OUR SOVEREIGNTY OF THE SEAS: FOUR IMPORTANT LAUNCHES.

[SEE "THE WORLD'S NEWS."]



THE BACK OF THE CAR, SHOWING ITS LIKENESS TO THE OBSERVATION-CAR.



THE WARD WITH THE BERTHS IN THEIR POCKETS, AND THE DRESSING-ROOM IN USE AS A DINING-ROOM.



SIX BERTHS IN PLACE—TWO SECTIONS OF TWO IN THE WARD, AND ONE SECTION OF TWO IN THE DRESSING-ROOM.



AN ATTENDANT RAISING THE UPPER BERTH INTO ITS POSITION; THE LOWER BERTH IS IN THE PIT.

OF USE AFTER SUCH DISASTERS AS THE GRANTHAM ACCIDENT: A WONDERFULLY FITTED RAILWAY HOSPITAL-CAR.

The hospital-car illustrated was built recently at the Sacramento works of the Southern Pacific Railway at a cost of £3600. Much ingenuity and much knowledge have gone to the making of it, and there is little doubt that it will prove to be of enormous value. In order that the patients may be put into them without undue shaking, the berths are so constructed that they can be sunk in a pit to the level of the carriage floor. Further particulars are given in "The World's News."—[PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY F. C. COLEMAN.]





MAN-OF-WAR GALLEYS ESCORTING THE BODY OF REAR-ADMIRAL SIR EDWARD CHICHESTER FROM THE "FORMIDABLE."

The battle-ship "Formidable" with the remains of Rear-Admiral Sir Edward Chichester, Admiral-Superintendent of H.M.'s Naval Works at Gibraltar, arrived at Plymouth on September 22. The coffin was transferred from the battle-ship to the steamer "Neptune," which was escorted to Ocean Quay by man-of-war galleys.—[PHOTOGRAPH BY CROCKETT.]



THE "METEOR" OFF THE NEEDLES ON THE AFTERNOON OF THE DAY SHE ENTERED PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR:

THIS PHOTOGRAPH GIVES A GOOD IDEA OF THE "ROUGH" WEATHER.

It was alleged in some quarters that the steamer "Meteor," of the Hamburg-Amerika line, sought refuge in Portsmouth Harbour the other day, but was refused harbourage and compelled, despite heavy weather, to put out to sea. It was also alleged that not only did she make fast to an Admiralty buoy reserved for British war-ships, but that her crew took soundings within the harbour, while the passengers photographed fortifications. It would seem that the vessel's fault lay chiefly in attempting to anchor in the parts reserved for men-of-war instead of in the merchant-shipping anchorage. For doing this she was requested to move, but not ordered to leave the harbour. No representation has been made by the German Foreign Office to the British Foreign Office, but a request for the facts of the case has been sent to the German Embassy.—[PHOTOGRAPH BY R. J. CHURCH.]



## AT THE SIGN OF ST. PAUL'S.

BY ANDREW LANG.

SOME weeks ago this column contained an account of "snamming," and of an eminent Red Indian "snammer," Captain Paul. I had forgotten the Indian word to "snam," but it is recalled by a letter on the subject from Mr. Hill Tout, who first introduced it to English readers. A "snam" is a magical kind of being, or spirit, who may embody himself in any material object, and bring luck and skill to its owner. Thus, if the Indians read and appreciated Shakspeare, they would account for his genius by saying that he had a "snam" in his pen; while Captain Paul, a very good shot, had a "snam" in his rifle: it was his fetish.

The Captain informed Mr. Hill Tout that he used to be able to see the bullet as it sped from his own rifle, or from that of a companion beside whom he was standing. Mr. Hill Tout (I quote from memory) was inclined to think that the gift of the Captain, and similar odd gifts of other Indians, were due to exaltation of the faculties, caused by a fervent belief in the "snam," or spirit; and he gave examples of similar exaltation in persons under hypnotic influence. For example, there is the story of the unmusical servant girl who, when hypnotised, reproduced Jenny Lind's rendering of a song with all the peculiarities of the great singer. There are also cases of curious increase of the power of calculation in hypnotic subjects.

For my part, I conceived that Captain Paul, whether he knew it or not, was merely romancing, and that he never saw the bullets in their flight, though in old age he may have persuaded himself that he had done so. But, much to my surprise, I was told by a good shot, and a thoroughly trustworthy witness, that he himself could do what Captain Paul said that he did. The circumstance had again escaped my memory, when it was recalled to me last night by a letter from Mr. Hill Tout. I mentioned the matter to a friend, who informed me that he, too, had been able to see bullets in their flight, when the rifle was fired by a companion beside whom he was standing. In this case the weapon was a rook or rabbit rifle; my friend could not remember that he had the experience when he himself was the shooter.

Now to myself, who cannot always follow the flight of a golf-ball, this power of vision seems miraculous. But I cannot doubt the evidence, and thus it would appear that Captain Paul was not romancing, and also that his faculty was not derived from his belief in his "snam." He lost it as he grew older and became a Christian, but the loss was due to advancing age, not to his conversion, as he supposed. Apparently I owe an apology to Captain Paul.

This power of bullet-seeing tests my confidence rather more than do many stories of seeing phantasms. Of the latter peculiarity a strange case has been laid before me by a thoroughly trustworthy witness. As she puts the case, she "had seen a ghost," but that was not what happened, for a ghost is defined as the appearance of a dead person. The seer, in an afternoon of last August, had climbed a grassy hill, celebrated in song, and was resting at the point where the peak of sheer rock rises from the grass and bracken. The hour was six p.m. The lady's only companion was a dog. She had been watching two parent grouse with their flock of five young birds in the bracken, when the dog caught the scent of them and tossed up his head; the birds then flew away with a great whirr of wings.

At or just after this moment the lady suddenly saw another lady, a friend, coming towards her across the slope of the hill. She was dressed in a simple walking costume, a white blouse, and short dark skirt; she wore no hat, and carried a stick in her hand. Miss K., the observer, later noticed, from behind, that a tress of her friend's hair was beginning to fall out of place.

Knowing that her friend had quite recently been in a very remote part of the country, Miss K. was surprised, and said nothing at first. Her dog began to growl, and Miss K. jumped up from the grass and called her friend by her name. The other lady looked straight at her, turned, and walked, not across, as before, but down the hill.

Miss K. followed quickly, amazed by her friend's proceedings, while her dog kept close to her, growling, barking, and with his hair bristling all over his body; his tail "as stiff as a poker." He usually, in his doggy manner, makes sallies at strange dogs and people, but this time he kept prudently in the rear.

Miss K. gained ground on the other lady, and was just putting out a hand to touch her shoulder, when—there was nobody! The other lady was no longer visible. Miss K. would have disbelieved the evidence of her senses, but she could not doubt that the dog shared her experience, he was so unmistakably disturbed and angry.

Having a piece of paper and a pencil in her pocket, Miss K. sat down, after climbing the rocky peak, and "made a note of it." She also timed the appearance with her watch. As far as I am aware, the appearance did not coincide with anything particular in the experience of the other lady. Nothing of the sort ever occurred to Miss K. before, and she was in the best of health. If she was asleep without being aware of it (which her observation of the grouse makes improbable) she walked in her sleep, and the behaviour of the terrier was part of the dream. "We are such stuff as dreams are made of." That is the humour of it.

While I, for one, am quite unable to form even a guess as to the causes of such appearances to healthy people, I wonder whether they have ever produced perplexing alibis in courts of justice. A, let us say, is charged with this or that misdeed, in one place; but has been seen, at the moment, by B in another place, and has not vanished, but merely seemed to go round the corner. Puzzle for a jury!

## CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

BLACK KNIGHT.—Thanks for the problem, which shall have our early attention.

C E N ADAM (West Malling).—Received with thanks.

F JAMES (Brixton).—We will endeavour to find the answer for you, and will send it on the card you enclose.

A W DANIEL, G J HICKS, ROBIN H LEGGE, MRS. W J BAIRD, HERBERT PRICE, A G BRADLEY, H E KIDSON, E J WINTER WOOD, ROBERT J BLAND, AND J MILLER.—Problems marked for insertion in due course.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 3241 and 3242 received from Fred Long (Santiago, Chile); of Nos. 3247 and 3248 from Jivan Jha (Ramanagar, India); of No. 3249 from Girindra Chandra Mukherji (Muktagacha, Bengal); Sergeant A E Mendell (Pretoria), Jivan Jha, and V C Cape Town; of No. 3250 from Jivan Jha (India); of No. 3253 from E G Rodway (Trowbridge), W C D Smith (Northampton), The Chess Department of the Reading Society (Corfu), Carl Prehnke (Hamburg), A W Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), and Frank William Atchinson (Crowthorne); of No. 3254 from S J England (South Woodford), J D McFarlane (Hexham), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), T Roberts, H S Brandreth (Montreal), and the Chess Department of the Reading Society (Corfu).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3255 received from J A S Hanbury (Birmingham), F Miller (Brixton), Shadforth, A G Bagot (Dublin), F Henderson (Leeds), C E Perugini, M Burke, Sorrento, F Waller (Luton), E J Winter-Wood, and R Worters (Canterbury).

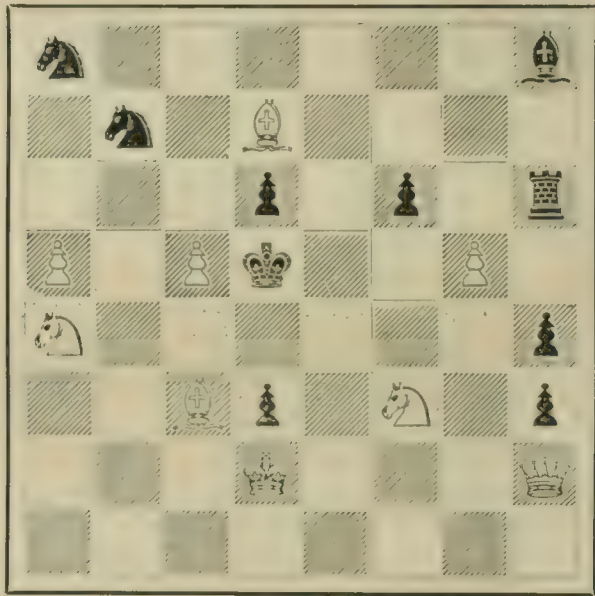
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3254.—By GIRINDRA C. MUKHERJI.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. B to R 7th K takes Kt  
2. Q to B 5th (ch) K moves  
3. Q mates

If Black play 1. K to Q 5th, 2. Kt to Q 3rd; and if 1. K to B 3rd, then 2. Kt to R 5th (ch), etc.

PROBLEM No. 3257.—By SORRENTO

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

## CHESS AT SHREWSBURY.

Game played in the British Chess Association Championship Tournament between Messrs. BROWN and WAHLTACH.

(Scotch Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	17. B to R 6th	Kt to Kt 3rd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	18. P to K 5th	Kt takes P
3. P to Q 4th	P takes P	19. P to K 5th	P takes P
4. Kt takes P	Kt to B 3rd	20. B takes P	Q to Kt 3rd
5. Kt takes Kt	Kt P takes Kt		
6. B to Q 3rd	B to B 4th		
7. B to K B 4th	P to Q 3rd		
8. Castles	B to K 3rd		
9. P to Q B 3rd			
For a Gambit opening, White's tactics have been very unaggressive, and the initiative is fast slipping through his hands.			
10. Kt to Q 2nd	Kt to Q 2nd	21. B to Q 3rd	P to K B 4th
11. B to Kt 3rd	P to Kt 4th	22. B to Kt 3rd	Kt to B 6th (ch)
	P to K R 4th	23. P takes Kt	P to R 5th
		24. Q R to K sq (ch)	K to B sq
		25. R to K 5th	R to Q sq
		26. P takes P	
The advance of these Pawns leads up to a warm attack, but Black's position becomes much exposed, and could not be tenable against correct play.			
12. P to K R 3rd	Q to B 3rd	27. Q to B 4th	Q takes P (ch)
13. Kt to Kt 3rd	B to Kt 3rd	28. Q takes Q	P takes Q
14. B to K 2nd	P to Kt 5th	29. R takes P (ch)	K to K 2nd
15. P to K R 4th	B takes Kt	30. R to K sq (ch)	K to Q 2nd
16. P takes B	Kt to B sq	31. R to K 2nd	Q R to K Kt sq
17. Q to Q 2nd		32. R to Q 2nd	K to B sq
Presumably with the intention of Q to Kt 5th. The combination adopted instead entirely miscarries, however, through this very move.			
		33. B to K 2nd	P takes P (ch)
			White resigns.

## CHESS IN AUSTRALIA.

Game played in the match for the Championship of the Commonwealth, between Messrs. VINER and WATSON.

(Scotch Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. V.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)	WHITE (Mr. V.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	15. P to K 5th	Q to Kt 3rd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd		
3. P to Q 4th	P takes P		
4. Kt takes P	B to B 4th		
5. B to K 3rd	Q to B 3rd		
6. P to Q B 3rd	K Kt to K 2nd		
7. P to K B 4th	P to Q 3rd		
8. B to K 2nd	P to Q 2nd		
9. Castles	Castles K R		
10. Q to Q 2nd	P to Q R 3rd		
11. P to Q Kt 4th	P to R 2nd		
12. Kt to R 3rd	Q R to K sq		
13. Q R to K sq	Kt takes Kt		
A great mistake, giving White an overpowering centre. Kt to Q sq for a strictly defensive game was worth trying.			
14. P takes Kt	Kt to B 3rd		

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## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

DRUGS AND CURES.

ONE of the most interesting and at the same time most intricate departments of medical science is that pertaining to the action of the drugs used for the cure of disease. In certain cases, the mode in which a drug may combat an ailment and rout it is clearly established. Quinine may be supposed, for example, to play its all-important part in the cure of malarial troubles because it acts as an efficient germ-killer and effectively disposes of the microbes whose periodic developments in the blood coincide with the phases of such ailments. With respect to other medicinal substances, which equally act as specifics in certain troubles, our knowledge of their action is more limited, and our faith in them is founded more on the results of experience than on an intimate acquaintance with the exact fashion in which they operate to produce beneficial effects. One might fairly well argue that the further the science of treating disease departs from mere empiricism, the better understanding of the exact action of drugs which has become the part and parcel of the system of our good friend the doctor.

This knowledge is only possible of attainment through much investigation and experiment. The living body is a far more complex piece of organisation than most people suppose, and how precisely a dose of this drug, or a modicum of that drug, produces certain effects in health, and analogous results in disease, is a matter that involves for its explanation more intricate and ample knowledge than is often to be found placed at the disposal of our physicians. Science, however, of late years has greatly enlarged its boundaries in respect of such information, and the contrast between the practice of the past in prescribing drugs and that of the present is of very marked character. Of old there was much mystery attached to the administration of medicines. It was a practice which involved in mediæval times a very large amount of "occult" considerations. The spells of witches were not more elaborate, and certainly not more heterogeneous in their selection of materials, than were the formulæ which the old medicine-men employed for the relief of human ills.

A collection of choice prescriptions, published in the seventeenth century, lies before me. One consideration which weighed with the doctors of those days was "Whether the diseased be bewitched or no?" a fact which amply explains how and why ancient dames suspected of unholy practices were promptly consigned to a fiery end. Our seventeenth-century doctor was also a bit of an astrologer, for I find he was advised to "purge the lungs when Jupiter is weak," and to effect a similar operation on the brain when the moon is weak. The touch of a dead man's hand was regarded as a cure for warts; and for hydrophobia the roasted liver of a mad dog was strongly recommended, possibly on the *similia similibus* principle. Consumptives were bidden to try milk as a cure or as an aid thereto, and that of the ass was regarded as preferable—this last a piece of advice consonant with modern views. But to the broth of snails, to which sugar of roses was added, the patient might reasonably entertain objections, even in view of the fact that these gasteropods, as articles of diet, attain due prominence in modern foreign menus.

Epilepsy was treated by the aid of preparations made from the oak-mistletoe, and tobacco-smoke was also vaunted as a cure for this ailment. The bald-headed man was recommended to use the fat of the viper, presumably as a pomade, or as alternative remedies, the "ashes" of bees and wasps. If the latter contained the poison-bags of the insects, one might see in this presumption a form of counter-irritation, which is a sensible enough form of medication in certain cases of loss of hair. For eye troubles, turnips are named because they were regarded as tending to strengthen the organs and powers of sight. There are many other prescriptions given, some of which far outrival in respect of their ingredients the "eye of newt and toe of frog" and other delectable items enumerated in the witches' brew in "Macbeth." The more mystical and uncanny the things which the old doctors derived from the three kingdoms of nature, the better chance apparently had the remedy of effecting the result for which it was prescribed.

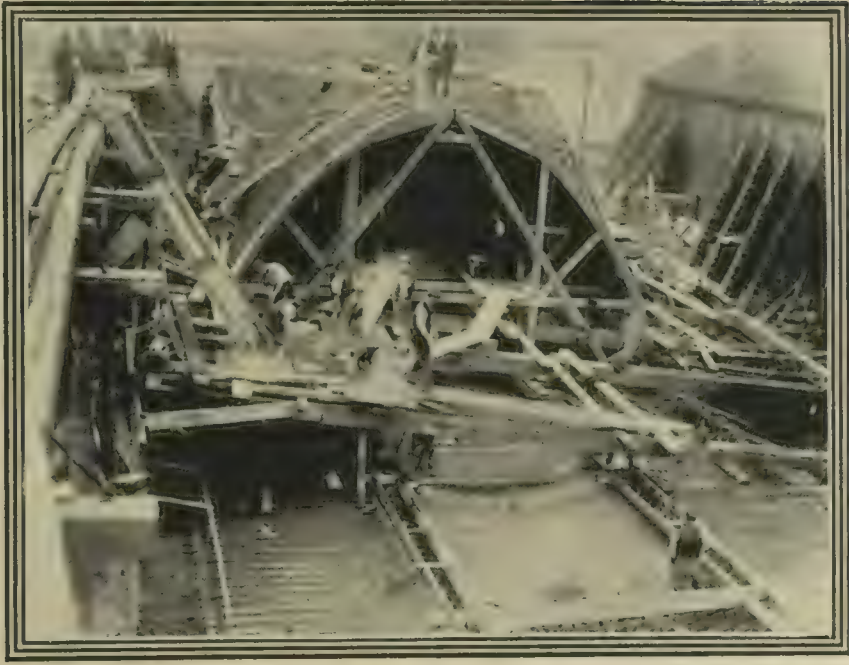
While the employment of drugs in careful and scientific fashion, founded on as full a knowledge as the age affords of their action on the body, must always form an important feature of our doctors' procedure, it is to be remarked that two ideas have to be reckoned with in modern medical practice, such as tend to a considerable modification in the art of prescribing. One of these ideas is represented by the opinion that the wise regulation of the food and feeding of the sick person are items standing in the forefront of treatment. Day by day the importance of diet as an aid to cure, or, it may be, as the chief item in the doctor's scheme, grows apace. In many diseases his procedure is that of the diet-supervisor, giving his patient this food and forbidding that. Sensibly enough, the wants of the body in the way of food, and the supervision of its nutrition—a function lying at the root of all health—are recognised as paramount.

The second idea is that which takes into account the *resistance of Nature*. If Dame Nature were not willing, and happily often able, to reassert her determination to restore the body to its normal state, all the efforts of the doctor would be exerted in vain. It is a wonderful power this self-repairing ordinance of living beings. I believe we inherit it from lower life, wherein we find many conspicuous illustrations of the making good of injuries, often of a serious kind. Repair in lower existence is readily effected, probably because the nervous system is so faintly developed. After all, drugs are given largely with the view of assisting the living cells of our frames to recover their tone, and it is not the least remarkable fact that recent discoveries show us in an increased degree how our constitution is naturally armed by many strange devices to attain this end.

ANDREW WILSON.



LEAVES FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK.



Photos, Illustrations Bureau

FILLING UP THE VALLEY OF THE OUSEBURN, SHOWING THE NEW RIVER BED ALONG THE BOTTOM OF THE VALLEY.

A SECTION OF THE CONCRETE TUNNEL IN THE VALLEY OF THE OUSEBURN, THROUGH WHICH THE RIVER WILL RUN.

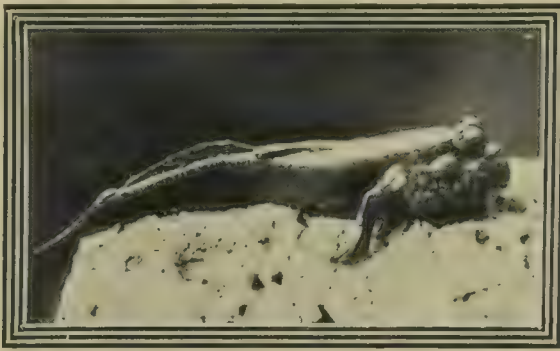
The valley of the Ouseburn, which at this particular part is about 1300 feet wide and 120 feet deep, is being filled up to the height of the houses seen in the background of the first photograph. The river will run through a concrete tunnel built along the bottom of the valley. This new bed is shown in our first photograph.



Photo, Wood.

ONCE OWNED BY THE LAKE-DWELLERS OF SOMERSET?—THE OLD DUG-OUT CANOE DISCOVERED ON THE TURF MOOR AT SHAPWICK.

It is thought that the dug-out belonged to the lake-dwellers, of whose village traces have been found at Godney, not far from where it was discovered. It is about 20 feet long and 4 feet wide, and is hewn out of a solid tree. It was found by a labourer who was digging out the bottom of a big ditch, was nearly 12 feet down in the peat, and was, unfortunately, too rotten to be taken out whole.



Photos, W. S. Berridge.

FISH THAT CAN BE DROWNED: THE WALKING-FISH RECENTLY ADDED TO THE "ZOO."

The fish jump from place to place in pursuit of the insects upon which they feed, and can also climb by means of the breast-fins. To move overland the fish turns the hinder part of its body towards the left, raises itself, and then makes a spring, using the back part of its body as a lever. It is a lung-fish—that is to say, its air-bladder is practically a lung, and if placed in very deep water it would drown. When the river in which it has its home dries up, it buries itself in the mud, and breathes in the air in the manner of the newt or frog.



Photo, K. & S.

THE PET BEAR OF THE 2ND LIFE GUARDS, WHICH WAS HUNTED THROUGH THE STREETS AT KING'S CROSS.

Philip, the bear, was the pet of the 2nd Life Guards, but grew too big to be kept by the regiment. He was being taken to Euston Station in a packing-case, en route to the Zoological Gardens, Dublin, when he escaped and ran down a side street. He was captured after much trouble in a garden in Penton Place, and taken to King's Cross Police Station yard.



THE EXPLOSION OF SIXTY-THREE TONS OF GUNPOWDER AND MELINITE AND 6000 LOADED SHELLS IN A FRENCH FORT: FORT MONTFAUCON AFTER THE DISASTER.

The explosion killed nine men and wounded fourteen others. The fort itself, despite the fact that its walls were several feet thick and had earthworks 40 feet in thickness, was ruined. Several guns are believed to have been destroyed.



Photo, Knowles.

THE SUPPOSED ORIGINAL OF "PETE" IN HALL CAINE'S "THE MANXMAN": THE LATE JOHN KENNISH IN HIS QUAIN ROOM IN "PETE'S COTTAGE," ISLE OF MAN.

John Kennish, who died the other day, was famous in the Isle of Man, where it was generally believed that he was the original of Pete in "The Manxman." As a matter of fact, this was not the case, although he lived in the cottage described as Pete's in the novel.



## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

THE Bishop of Liverpool and Mrs. Chavasse, whose silver wedding has aroused so much interest in the diocese, spent their summer holiday in Ireland. Bishop Chavasse will attend the Church Congress at Barrow-in-Furness, and has promised to preach one of the opening sermons on Tuesday, Oct. 2.

Canon Barker is spending a quiet holiday at Felixstowe with Mrs. Barker and their son, who is reading with the intention of taking holy orders.

Mr. Victor Cavendish, M.P., very warmly commended church institutions when he inaugurated the new portion of the library and institute connected with St. John's Church, Eidswell, Derbyshire. "It is advisable that there should be institutions of this sort in every place," he said. Lady Evelyn Cavendish, who accompanied her husband, afterwards opened a bazaar promoted with the view of raising money for furnishing the building and enlarging the vicarage.

The Rev. H. S. Woolcombe, Head of Oxford House, Bethnal Green, has been visiting his

native Devonshire lately. In an admirable address to a large meeting of men, held under the auspices of the Church of England Men's Society at Newton Abbot, he said that this society was growing by leaps and bounds. It was a laymen's movement, and he was sure that, if they went into it with true-

hearted devotion, it would be of the greatest possible service in bringing about a revival of the Church's work in the land.

The Venerable Reginald Prideaux Lightfoot, D.D., Archdeacon of Oakham and Rector of Uppingham, who died on September 18, at the age of seventy, was the eldest son of the late Rev. Dr. Lightfoot, Rector of Exeter College, Oxford. Archdeacon Lightfoot in former years took a very active part in the proceedings of the Lower House of Canterbury Convocation. He had been in failing health for some time.

Sir Harry Johnston, G.C.M.G., attended last week the service at Bloomsbury Chapel in memory of the Rev. George Grenfell, the distinguished Baptist missionary, who died on the Congo on July 1. Mr. Grenfell was a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, and Sir Harry was present as a delegate of the Council. Speaking from personal knowledge of Mr. Grenfell and the sphere in which he laboured he said: "It is quite certain that his work has been of a very permanent nature and will never be forgotten." V.



1. THE MERCHANT-SHIP ANCHORAGE.  
3. THE CITY OF VICTORIA FROM THE EAST.

2. THE MAN-OF-WAR ANCHORAGE.  
4. A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE COLONY.

THE TYPHOON THAT CAME WITHOUT WARNING: SCENES OF THE AREA AFFECTED BY THE "BIG BLOW" AT HONG-KONG.

The typhoon which did incalculable damage at Hong-kong was unusual in that it gave no warning of its approach, and thus numerous vessels that might otherwise have sought shelter were caught in the "big blow" and sunk or damaged. It is estimated that 5000 lives were lost, including that of the Right Rev. Joseph Charles Hoare, Bishop of Victoria, Hong-kong. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARIETTE.)

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# THE GENIUS OF THIS LIFE, COMMON SENSE!

‘We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on,  
We murmur, but the corn-ears fill;

We choose the shadow, but the sun  
That casts it shines behind us still.

And each good thought or action moves the dark world nearer to the sun.’—WHITTIER.

Nothing happens by Chance. We have Eyes and see not.

THERE ARE MORE THINGS IN HEAVEN AND EARTH THAN ARE DREAMT OF IN OUR PHILOSOPHY.

*It is for you to find out why your ears are boxed.*

AN IMAGE OF HUMAN LIFE. INCAPACITY MEETS WITH THE SAME PUNISHMENT AS CRIME.

## NATURE'S LAWS.

‘Nor love thy life nor hate; but whilst thou livest live well.’—MILTON.

“Suppose it were perfectly certain that the life and fortune of every one of us would, one day or other, depend upon us winning or losing a game of chess. Don't you think that we should all consider it to be a primary duty to *learn at least* the names and moves of the pieces; to have a notion of a gambit and a keen eye for all the means of giving and getting out of check? Do you not think we should look with a disapprobation amounting to scorn upon the father who allows his sons, or the State which allows its members, to grow up without knowing a pawn from a knight? Yet it is a very plain and elementary truth that the life, the fortune, and the happiness of every one of us—and, more or less, of those who are connected with us—do depend upon our knowing something of the rules of a game infinitely more difficult and complicated than chess. It is a game which has been played for untold ages, every man and woman of us being one of the two players in a game of his or her own. The chess-board is the world, the pieces are the phenomena of the universe, the rules of the game are *what we call the laws of Nature*. The player on the one side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, *just*, and *patient*. But also we know, *to our cost*, that he never *overlooks a mistake*, or makes the smallest *allowance for ignorance*. To the man who plays well the highest stakes are paid, with that sort of



overflowing generosity with which the strong shows delight in strength. And who plays ill is checkmated—without haste, but without remorse.

“My metaphor will remind some of you of the famous picture in which Retzsch has depicted Satan playing at chess with man for his soul. Substitute for the mocking fiend in that picture a calm, strong angel, who is playing for love, as we say, and would rather *lose than win*. And *I should accept it as an image of human life*.

“The great mass of mankind are the ‘Poll,’ who pick up just enough to get through without much discredit. *Those who won't learn at all are plucked; and then you can't come up again*. Nature's pluck means *extermination*.

“Ignorance is visited as sharply as *wilful* disobedience—incapacity meets with the same punishment as crime. Nature's discipline is not even a word and a blow, and the blow first; but the *blow without the word*. *It is left to you to find out why your ears are boxed*.”—HUXLEY.

“*Nature's Laws*, I must repeat, are eternal; her small still voice, speaking from the inmost heart of us, shall not, under terrible penalties, be disregarded. No man can depart from the truth without damage to himself.”—T. CARLILE.

“INTO MAN'S HANDS IS PLACED THE RUDDER OF HIS FRAIL BARQUE THAT HE MAY NOT ALLOW THE WAVES TO WORK THEIR WILL.”—Goethe.

SUBSTANCES IN THE BLOOD THAT ARE HURTFUL AND INJURIOUS TO HEALTH AND LONGEVITY.

We quote the following from a well-known writer on Pathology:

“Now, a word on the importance of the regular and proper action of these excretory organs and of the intestinal canal. The former separate substances from the blood that are hurtful if they are kept in the blood. The waste substances that are got rid of by the intestinal canal include the parts of the food that are not digested and certain secretions from the intestinal canal, especially from the large part of the intestine. These substances are injurious if left in the body, as certain portions of them are reabsorbed into the blood, especially the foul organic matter in them, so that if these various excretory organs do not perform their functions in a proper manner, waste substances are either not separated from the blood or are reabsorbed into it and poison it, and as the blood is distributed to the various tissues of the body they are not properly nourished and they become degenerated, weak, and incapable of performing their proper functions, so that the regular action of these excretory organs of the body is of the greatest importance with regard to health, for not a single tissue of the body can be kept in a proper condition if the waste substances are not got rid of in the manner they should.”

Were we to mention the many and various diseases caused or produced by blood poisoning, it would require more space than we have at command. To hinder the poison from gaining admission, you must sustain the vital powers by adding to the blood what is continually being lost from various circumstances, and by that means you prevent the poison being retained in the body. The effect of Eno's ‘Fruit Salt’ is to take away all morbid poisons and supply that which promotes healthy secretions only by natural means. The chemical nature or antidotal power of Eno's ‘Fruit Salt’ is to expel the foreign substance or render it inert (by natural means only). If we could maintain sufficient vital power we could keep the poison from doing any harm. That power is best attained by following the Rules for Life (see page 10 in Pamphlet) and using, according to directions, Eno's ‘Fruit Salt,’ which by its healthy action keeps the secretions in perfect order only by soothing and natural laws, or in other words it is impossible to overstate its great power in preventing unnecessary suffering and disease.

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## LADIES' PAGES.

It must be one of the chief pleasures of being royal that one can give so much pleasure easily and simply. The King, with natural kindness, has lately taken fatherly notice of several little children, and the delight of their parents is unbounded. At Marienbad, there were three or four little ones distinguished by a kiss from the King, and on his Majesty's arrival in Scotland last week a pretty little damsel of some five summers was equally favoured. The land on which the King has been staying in Scotland is the property of Caroline, Countess of Seafield, and it was her "factor," as they say in the North, her agent as we Southrons put it, who presented the address, in the name of the lady of the manor and her tenants, welcoming the Sovereign. Lady Seafield owns the estate, by the bequest of her only child, her son, the late Earl. The title, without the estate, passed in a manner that it is rather wonderful does not happen more frequently, considering the number of younger sons of good families who go out to the Colonies—namely, to one born and brought up as a Colonial. The present Earl of Seafield is a New Zealander, who had no expectation of succeeding to the title till shortly before it fell to his lot. He married a Colonial girl, and they still make their home in New Zealand as a rule. The property not being entailed, it is at the option of the present owner to leave it as she thinks fit, but it is understood that she means it to revert to the title in due course, and the present Earl and Countess have been her guests.

It is always rather a pity when a title is bereft of the fortune that should support its dignity. Yet it is quite natural that a holder of a peerage who is not even acquainted with the distant relative who must succeed him in the title should prefer to provide for those whom he does know and love rather than to consider the abstract propriety of keeping up the dignity of his successors. This is particularly likely to be the case when the peerage is to pass to some distant heir male while the present holder of it has daughters. This was the case with the late Duke of Hamilton, and nobody could consider it otherwise than natural that he should leave as much as he possibly could of the wealth that in his hands went to uphold the Dukedom to his only child, Lady Mary Hamilton, now Lady Graham. Still, it is unfortunate for a great title to be impoverished. If the precedent so satisfactorily set in the case of our Crown were always followed, and daughters inherited when sons failed, it would often prevent this sundering of means and dignities.

The ancient Egyptians were a wonderfully wise people! They had observed that the hereditary transmission of a man's qualities is more certain through his daughter than through his son, and they drew the conclusion that if the principle of heredity is to be respected by the transmission of dignities from ancestors



THE CHARM OF BLACK AND WHITE.

A black cloth autumn gown, made very simply, is rendered "dressy" by the addition of vest and collar of white corded silk braided in black, and edged with ruching of the white silk. The buttons are of white enamel with black design.

to descendants, this had better be done through the daughter. Some of the Egyptian tombs contain what are practically biographies of several generations of the families to whom those last habitations were dedicated; and from those still legible at Beni-Hassan it is learned that the succession of a grandee's estates and offices was normally "to the son of his daughter." Even the throne of the Pharaohs was so transmitted, but this was modified by the custom of marrying the heiress to one of her brothers. Now the very latest scientific researches go to show that the Egyptian theory was right. In the *North American Review* there is a learned paper by Dr. Elkind on heredity as displayed in the facial characteristics and tendencies to illnesses of the royal families of Europe in modern times. He says: "It would appear to be a definite law that ancestral facial traits and appearance, as well as certain well-defined affections, are more often than not transmitted through female members of a family, who do not themselves exhibit the peculiarities, to their male offspring." Equally, of course, the grandfather's talents and good qualities will so descend. How wonderful to think that the Egyptians of four thousand years ago, in the feudal days of the monarchy, had already perceived this "law"—they had realised that "the father of my mother" was probably the predominating hereditary influence in a man's individuality, and carried that belief to its logical conclusion of making the office and property of the grandfather descend to his daughter's son. English modern custom ignores the existence of daughters in transmitting peerages. The peeresses in their own right are usually the holders of titles that were conferred on their ancestors hundreds of years ago, when the peerage did follow the rule of the Crown, and was transmissible to a daughter, failing the existence of a son. Modern creations, curiously enough, as a rule are transmitted to heirs male alone, treating daughters as not natural heirs to their fathers.

The daughter of the late Earl of Lovelace, in accordance with this rule, became on her father's death recently Baroness Wentworth, but not Countess of Lovelace; she is her father's only child, but his Earlom does not pass to her, but to his half-brother, because it is a comparatively modern creation. The Barony of Wentworth, however, which the late Earl combined with his superior title, is a very old peerage; it dates to the early part of the sixteenth century, and accordingly is capable of being inherited by a daughter. Lord Lovelace, in fact, inherited that Wentworth title through his mother, and from his grandmother, Byron's ill-treated wife, who was Baroness Wentworth in her own right; and in the seventeenth century there were also two Baronesses Wentworth in their own right, who passed on their father's title to their sons. In recent times, if a peerage be made under special circumstances to pass to the daughter of the first holder—as has been done with the peerages of the Duke of Fife, Lord Roberts, Lord Wolseley, and Lord Amherst of Hackney, for instance—it is provided that the daughters of these peers may only transmit the title to their own heirs male, not to their

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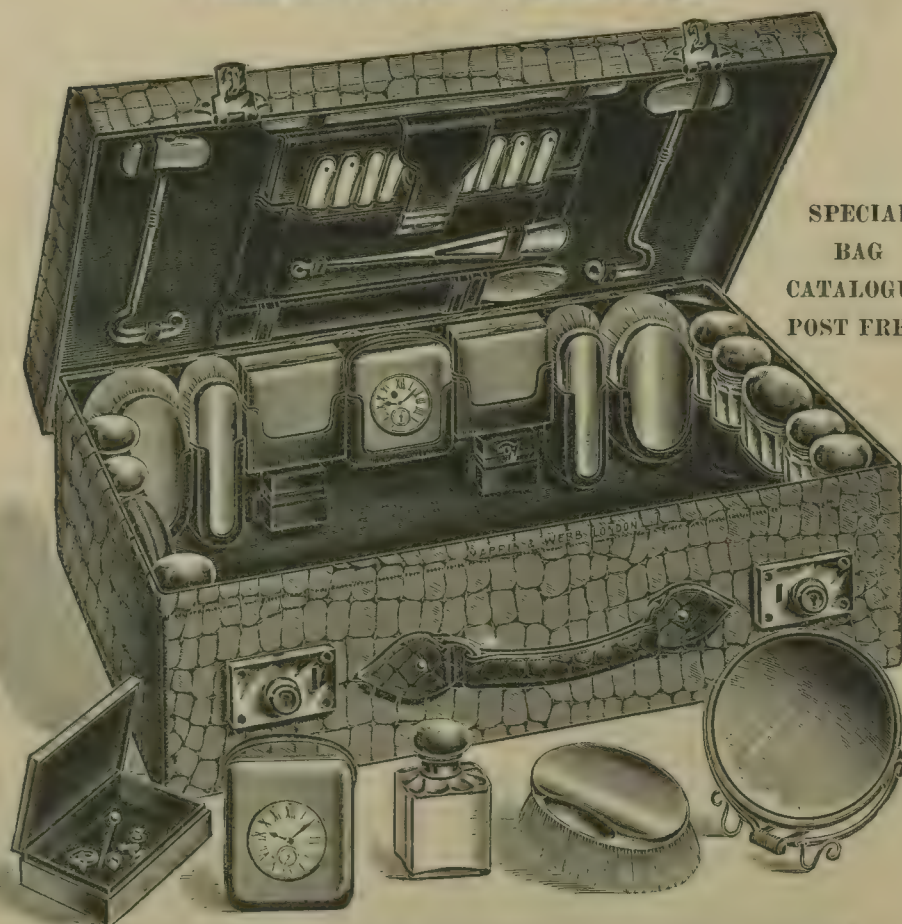
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Vinolia Shaving Foam	..	..	9d., 1/-, & 1/6	
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Premier Dentifrice	..	6d. & 1/-
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Samples of Vinolia Cream, Vinolia Powder, Toilet (Otto), Vinolia Soap, and Premier Vinolia Soap will be sent free on receipt of 3d. to cover postage. Eight Samples of Vinolia Soaps as follows:—Premier, Floral, Medical, Toilet (Otto), Baby, Bouquet, White Coal Tar, and "Liril" Violettes de Parme, sent in fancy box, post free, for 6d.

VINOLIA CO. Ltd. LONDON, N.W.



female descendants. This is surely unreasonable. The powers that rule in such weighty matters should study Dr. Elkind's researches and the ancient Egyptians' wisdom.

How exceedingly effective beads are as ornaments! We deride the poor untutored savage who sells his land or his services for a handful of glass beads, but in truth, if his action be impartially considered as merely a question of real ornament and genuine beauty, there is very nearly as much justification for the apparently foolish aboriginal making sacrifices to obtain beads as for ourselves when we spend our substance on glittering diamonds or lustrous pearls. To us those gems are valuable because they are at once delightfully decorative, rare, and hard to come by—well, to the savage the latter quality in his circumstances attaches to beads, and the former, the sheer joy of adding colour and shimmer to the appearance, they do confer most decidedly. If anybody doubts the decorative value of beads let him go to the Adelphi and see the wonderful robe that Miss Lily Brayton wears as Iseult, of the Healing Hands. It is composed entirely from the throat to the end of the narrow train of softly shimmering golden-coloured glass beads, and it is a joy to see. In fact, the dress seen on all the ladies in that old-world legendary poetic play of Mr. Comyns Carr's is beautiful. The mediæval costume, so closely fitting and outlining the figure, is not burdened with superfluous ornament, yet it is lit up by waist-belt and hip-girdle of jewels, and finished by a severely narrow curved opening over the bosom, also edged with embroideries in which beads or real gems play a part; the effect altogether is picturesque and charming. Perhaps we are on the road to a revival of this distant fashion, for the vogue of the plain Princess robe is growing and leads directly towards the mediæval sheath-like gown; and beads, which would be as essentially beautiful as real gems if artistically made and properly chosen for girdle and bust line, are in high favour. The long-discarded bugle-bead is back again, and is to be seen in single possession of the design on bands of passementerie, as well as combined with round beads in other designs. It is quite a note of the newest fashion to use a beaded trimming.

Even on the new fur coats bead embroidery is being placed, in the form of upright collar, belt, cuff-bands, and sometimes strappings. The effect is pleasing, for the glitter of the beads contrasts well with the deep lights and shades of fur. Bead embroidery is a form of adornment that can easily be made at home. It is quite pretty work, not difficult. A box of beads, gold, silver, or coloured, a fine long millinery needle, and a transfer pattern, with some white net to take the pattern upon, form the stock-in-trade. An easier plan is to bead some lace motifs or insertion of lace, as then the beading need not be so closely done to produce a satisfactory and glittering effect. When a transfer pattern is chosen, it is, of



A PLAID GOWN FOR THE SEASON.

Plaid dresses are useful and chic in autumn. The seams are piped and the buttons covered with plain cloth matching one of the colours in the plaid, and the revers and cuffs are of the same plain cloth. The toque is of sable with a cloth crown.

course, necessary thoroughly to cover the ground with the beads, and to cut away the muslin closely all round the edges of the design; but on a lace foundation there is no such troublesome obligation. However, as in most things, the professional hand achieves better and quicker results, so that the shops offer the finished product at so moderate a rate that it is hardly worth while to attempt the home manufacture except it be regarded as a drawing-room pastime.

Purple has evidently not yet outstayed its welcome. The shop windows in the West End streets are breaking out in an eruption of various shades of this popular colour. It is indeed very rich and handsome, and in judiciously chosen tones it will become most complexions. There are so many relieving shades possible, too, for use in combination with purple. Blue unites with it admirably, especially in the respective shades of the heliotrope and forget-me-not. Then green mates well, especially a rather dark green with the richer shade of purple called wine-colour; the shade which has a tone of red is thereby meant. Purple and brown are quite harmonious, again, but in this case the purple should for preference form the adornment, not the foundation; a brown face cloth or a heather-brown tweed with purple velvet parements is better than the opposite arrangement. In the new tweeds one finds these colour harmonies admirably exploited. The mixture of two shades—brown and wine-colour, green and royal purple, blue and heliotrope, violet and bottle-green—produces an effect quite distinct from that of any one shade when the two threads are interwoven, and the revers, belt, and vest can be chosen of the colour preferred in the mixture. On plain tweeds and cloths a darker colour than that chosen for the dress can be used for the adornments. Biscuit or putty-coloured gowns are finished with belts, small vests, and cuffs of bottle-green, grey, or even black moiré silk or velvet. Black silk braid of various widths is also used on light gowns, on purple as well as on the paler tints of grey, powder-blue, Havana brown, and champagne-coloured cloths for tailor-made dresses.

Brown is popular, as it invariably is at the fall of the leaf; and it also mates harmoniously and agreeably with many brighter and more pronounced tones. Crimson, which will have no dealings with purple, is admirable on brown, while pink, green, blue, and mauve are all successful as brighteners up of a brown frock. A white ground, whether cloth or velvet, is useful to make the foundation of a vest, revers, and cuffs, covered well with braiding or with embroidery. The white goes equally well with every colour, and the tones of the embroidery, silks, or the braid worked on this *fond* will be chosen to harmonise or contrast well with the main colouring of the gown. If there be room for doubt as to what colours meet any case, it is ever safe and successful to fall back upon the magpie combination; black braid on a white ground never fails to look correct and has a smartness of effect that is invariable. So if the gown be at all difficult to combine with any colour in trimming, the best possible advice is—try black and white. FILOMENA.



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## "THE LADIES' FIELD," June 16th, says:

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COMPETITION FOR CHILDREN,

devised by the proprietors of Wright's Coal Tar Soap. It is, briefly, an opportunity of winning a substantial money prize offered to children ranging up to 14 years of age. Ask any well-known chemist for a free copy of the delightful illustrated nursery book called 'The Boy and the Bubble.'"

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## ART NOTES.

THE Autumn Art Season shows early signs of incipency; and we have at the Dickinson Gallery in Bond Street an exhibition of Mr. Allen Shuffrey's water-colour drawings of Oxford. It cannot be said that the colleges have been over-delineated in art; and workmanlike, agreeable, and filled with careful detail as these drawings of Mr. Shuffrey's are, we have yet to await the Master who will discover Oxford, or whom Oxford will discover—even as, according to Lady Palmerston, it was the luck of Layard to be "discovered by Nineveh."

At the Leicester Galleries in Leicester Square, where newly applied energies seem to find an inexhaustible field for enterprise, an exhibition of the works of Mr. Holman Hunt is in course of formation. The artist himself, whose wide popularity is due largely to his choice of Scriptural subjects, and not a little to the interest of his accidental association with Rossetti, Burne-Jones, and Millais, is himself assisting the proprietors of the Galleries in bringing together a sufficiently large and varied collection of his works. Mr. Holman Hunt has painted for a very long time, and in that length of service the forthcoming exhibition has at once a historic interest and a promise of success; for the public, even if it has turned its steps away from the paths of hard and stony literality, has a marvellous fidelity to men who have catered for its earlier years

in the art, and whose names were as familiar to their fathers' ears as to their own.

A good deal more than half-a-century has elapsed since "The Hireling Shepherd" was painted by Mr.

had, and held, the homage of that great ally of the pre-Raphaelites, John Ruskin. There are expectations, too, of including in the Leicester Square show "The Scapegoat," "May Day on Magdalen Tower," "The King of Hearts," and "Isabella and the Pot of Basil." If the published story were true about the small store set by Keble College on "The Light of the World," there should be no difficulty about borrowing the original; but at present there is talk only of a small replica. The tale of the painting of all these works has been told by Mr. Holman Hunt himself, and many of them were produced under difficulties that would have daunted anybody but the possessor of a high order of pluck—the pluck that is sure of its appreciation from a London picture-seeing crowd.

A second "Artists at Work" Exhibition is announced as an immediate attraction at the Grafton Galleries; and the promised collection of water-colours and pastels by the late H. B. Brabazon will be seen at the Goupil Galleries in November.

The St. Martin's School of Art, perhaps because it lies in a narrow street off Drury Lane, does not invite

the female student in the predominating numbers that obtain elsewhere. Out of the 222 students who work under Mr. J. E. Allen and his staff, only about thirty are ladies; and it is the more gratifying, therefore, that Miss Mabel Matthews has just won the School's first prize for general excellence; and that the two chief external rewards taken by its scholars go in both instances to



SISTERS.

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Holman Hunt at a farm near Ewell—a locality which is almost remembered as yielding to Millais the background for his "Ophelia" and the old wall in his "Huguenots." "The Hireling Shepherd" will come to Leicester Square. So will "The Shadow of Death"—painted in the Holy Land thirty years ago—also "The Triumph of the Innocents" and "The Strayed Sheep," which both

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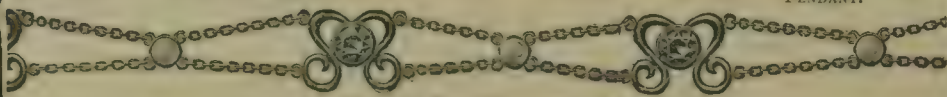
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## A REMARKABLE BOOK ON THE PRESERVATION OF HEALTH.

Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E., the distinguished authority on Hygienic Science and Health Questions, is evidently a believer in Thomas Carlyle's doctrine that there is no utility in pointing out misfortunes unless you at the same time indicate the remedy. In his remarkable little book, "The Art of Living," just issued from the press, Dr. Wilson not only points out that "Our first duty to ourselves is to check illness at the outset," but he follows up this admonition with the more welcome information how we are to do it. He, so to speak, says: "You have the evil of ill-health to fight. Now, here's the weapon to fight with. Strike for freedom." For example, he says: "Suppose a person has run down—feels languid and is easily tired. If he neglects this warning—for all such signs and symptoms are Nature's warning to us—the possibility is that he will pass further afield into the great lone land of disease. Can he do anything to save himself from such a disastrous result? In the vast majority of cases he can restore his vigour." How? Dr. Wilson tells his reader how without delay, adding at once this remarkable statement: "Probably he will be advised to take a tonic. This in the main is good advice. Unfortunately the number of tonics is legion, but if there exists any preparation which can combine in itself the properties of a tonic and restorative, and which at the same time can contribute to the nourishment and building up of the enfeebled body, it is evident such an agent must prove of the utmost value to everybody. I have found such a tonic and restorative in the preparation known as Sanatogen." How the distinguished author found this tonic he tells us in an interesting bit of autobiography. "Recovering from an attack of Influenza," he says, "and suffering from the severe weakness incidental to that ailment, Sanatogen was brought under my notice. I gave it a fair trial, and the results were all that could have been desired. In a short time my appetite improved, the weakness was conquered, and without the use of any other medicine or preparation I was restored to health." It is easy to believe that this experience led the doctor to make a thorough investigation into this specific which had served him so well. Sanatogen, he tells us, "combines two distinct elements—one tonic and the other nutritive." Further, it is no "secret" remedy, for, as he pertinently observes, "Its composition is well known, otherwise medical men would not prescribe it." What the tonic and nutritive elements of Sanatogen are, and how they effect so much good, Dr. Wilson describes in simple, convincing terms. The whole passage is too long to quote, but one important remark of the writer may be given, namely, that one of the principal elements of Sanatogen "represents the substance which actually forms a very important, if not the most important, constituent of our brain and nervous system." How, through regenerating the nervous system, Sanatogen restores the functions of the digestive organs, and by building up the tissues, compensates the wear and tear of latter-day life; how it does away with the need of stimulants, and cures the sick by the natural method of making the body strong enough to drive out disease—all this, in the delightful style of Dr. Wilson's language, makes engrossing and pleasant, as well as instructive, reading. This last contribution of Dr. Wilson to the literature of Health may certainly be calculated to carry joyful news to the ailing and weary. A limited number of complete specimen copies of the "Art of Living," by Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E., are being distributed free of charge. To obtain one of these copies the applicant must mention the *Illustrated London News* in sending his name and address to the publishers—F. WILLIAMS & Co., 83, Upper Thames St., London, E.C.

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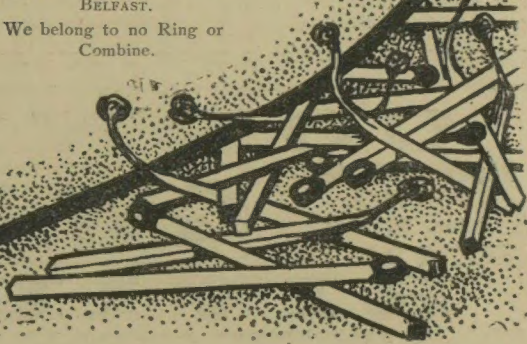
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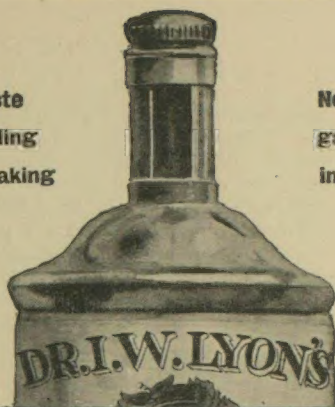
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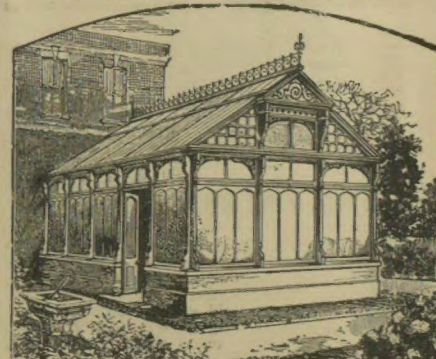
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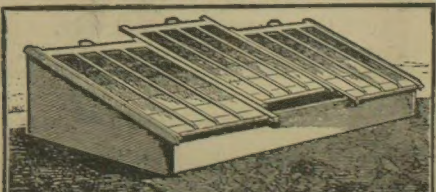
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women—a London County Council Scholarship for £20 to Miss Ayres, and a £10 scholarship for Miss Morgan.

A new edition of the National Gallery Catalogue of Pictures of the Foreign Schools is about to be issued, and, besides having many very important new entries, will doubtless contain alterations and modifications in the matter of attribution. These will not necessarily be so much due to the new Director's personal views as to the ever-changing method of criticism and the knowledge that is admitted year by year on schools and masters.

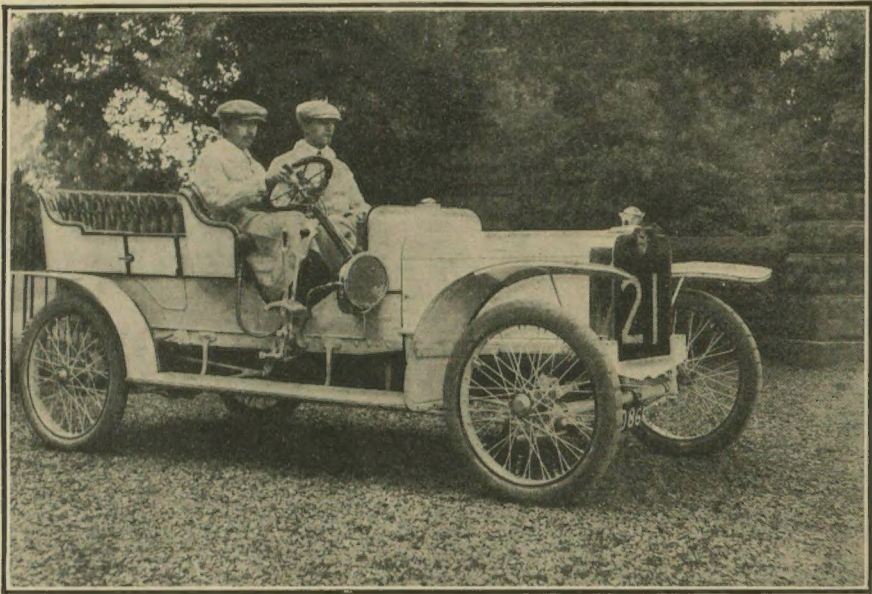
W. M.

In connection with the quatercentenary of Aberdeen University the *Aberdeen Journal and Evening Express* has issued a special illustrated number. It is admirably arranged and produced. We have also received the Handbook to the University of Aberdeen Quater-

centenary, a historical account of the University and City. The academic section is by Mr. Robert Walker, University Registrar, and the civic by Mr. A. M. Munro, City Chamberlain. Mr. Walker, the most meticulously accurate man in the University, is yet no Dry-as-dust, and his brochure is the best brief review of the subject that has yet appeared. Mr. Munro is an able *cicerone*. The publishers are Messrs. Avery.

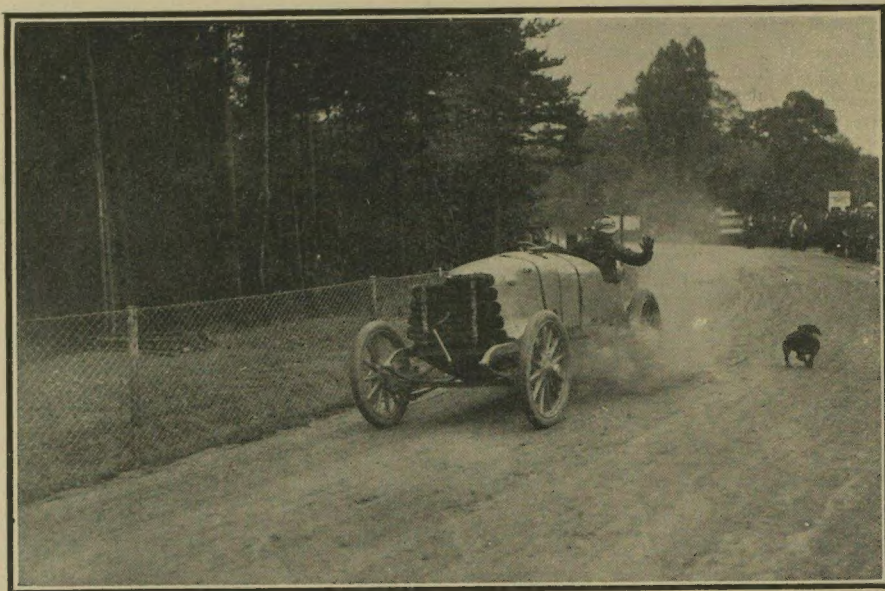
The Brighton Railway Company are announcing that the "Brighton in 60 minutes" Pullman Limited Express will resume running every Sunday on and from Oct. 7, leaving

has resolved that the Riviera Express shall continue to run throughout the winter months. This grand national health resort is fully described in the booklet, "The Cornish Riviera," which will be sent post-free on receipt of stamps to the value of



A WOULD-BE COMPETITOR IN THE TOURIST TROPHY RACE:  
A ROVER, MR. J. K. STARLEY DRIVING.

The two Rover cars entered for the Tourist Trophy Race, 1906, are of 16-20 h.p., similar to those entered last year, but have been improved in several details. The engine is a four-cylinder one with a bore of 95 mm. by 100 mm. stroke. The ignition is the ordinary coil and accumulator and high-tension magneto, and the Rover automatic carburettor is fitted. The well-known Rover disc-plate clutch is used, and there are four speeds, the direct drive being on the third speed. Wire wheels are used, 810 mm. by 90 mm., fitted with Dunlop tyres. The wheel base is 9 feet, and the wheel track 4 feet 7 inches.



A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH AT THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION AT THE NEW GALLERY.

Mr. C. P. Goerz, the well-known lens-manufacturer and optician, has a most interesting stall in the Fountain Court of the New Gallery in connection with the Royal Photographic Society's Exhibition. A prominent feature of the stall is a number of very fine enlargements, including one of a considerable size (here reproduced on a small scale) of a motor-car dashing along with a cloud of dust behind it.

Victoria at 11 a.m. and Brighton at 9 p.m.

Thousands will rejoice to learn that the motto of the popular Cornish Riviera Limited Express is henceforth to be "always running." There will be no need of the expense or fatigue of foreign travel to avoid the fogs and frosts of England during the coming winter, for the General Manager of the Great Western Railway

threepence by the Superintendent of the Line, Paddington Station.

Mr. E. C. Lewis, son of Mr. G. E. Lewis, the well-known gun and rifle maker of Birmingham, won the annual Championship of the Birmingham Rifle Club the other day for the fourth time. His score was 97, an admirable performance when it is remembered that the weather was very unsettled at the time of the shooting, and the wind very changeable. The conditions were seven shots at 100 yards, and fourteen shots at 200 yards, at 3½ in. and 5 in. bulls respectively.

In a former issue, by a clerical error, a picture of dead rabbits in New South Wales (Western division) was described as in Western Australia. The rabbit plague has fortunately not reached Western Australia.

THE HEALING VALUE OF ELLIMAN'S in the treatment of Aches and Pains is too firmly established to need pressing.

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ELLIMAN'S Universal Embrocation, on account of its curative properties, can be relied upon as the best remedy for Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sprains, Bruises, Sore Throat from Cold, Neuralgia from Cold, Cold at the Chest, Chronic Bronchitis, Backache, Cramp, Wounds, Stiffness, Soreness of the Limbs after Cycling, Football, Rowing, Golf, &c. 8½d., 1/1½, 2/9, and 4/-

**THE ELLIMAN R.E.P. BOOK**  
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PADDINGTON AND PENZANCE, 6 hrs. 40 mins. RETURN FARE £2.

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GOLD MEDAL AWARDED

MADE BY THE KING'S SWORD CUTLERS.

Cases from 16s. to £3 5s.

Black, 5/6  
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Single Shaver in Case, 8s. 6d.; Shaver and Two extra Blades, in Leather Case, £1; Shaver with Four Extra Blades, £1 7s. 6d.; Shaver with Six Extra Blades, £1 15s.

By return of post on receipt of P.O.O. to DREW & SONS, Piccadilly Circus (Estd. 1844). JOHN POUND & CO., 67, Piccadilly; 211, Regent St.; 378, Strand; 81, Leadenhall St., E.C. MAPPIN & WEBB, Ltd., 158, Oxford St.; 220, Regent St.; and 2, Queen Victoria Street, E.C., or any Cutlers, Hairdressers, Silversmiths, Stores, &c.

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AROWLAND & SONS 20, HATTON GARDEN.

You want beautiful teeth

—for health's sake, for beauty's sake. It is quite easy to have pure white and beautiful teeth; to keep them in perfect condition; arrest decay.

All you require is a good brush and

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It thoroughly cleanses the teeth and leaves a delightful fragrance in the mouth. It contains no grit.

Buy it, because it's best. 2/9 at your own chemists. Rowland and Sons, 67, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.

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Collars, Gentlemen's 4-fold, from 4/11 per doz. Cuffs for Ladies, 5/11; Gentlemen's from 6/11 per doz.

Shirts, Fine Quality Long Cloth, with 4-fold pure Linen Fronts, 35/6 per 1-doz. (to measure, 2/- extra).

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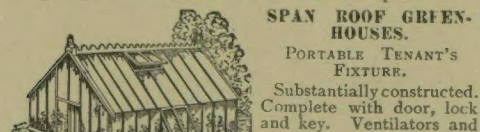
OUR PRICES are 25 per cent. to 50 per cent. below any other house, and good, sound materials and workmanship.

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We undertake these to any extent, and give estimates for alterations of, or additions to, existing houses and heating apparatus

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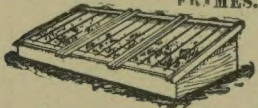
Substantially constructed. Complete with door, lock and key. Ventilators and

irons for opening same. Stages each side for plants, and glass. Painted one coat. All ready for erection. Carefully marked so that any handy man can fix in a few hours. or delivered erected and glazed with extra coat of paint at works within 50 miles. No. 8 has diagonal panels, 21 oz. glass, and gutters and downpipes.

Long	Wide	Height	Leaves	No. 4.				No. 8.			
				On rail.	Erected.	Complete.	On rail.	On rail.	Erected.	Complete.	On rail.
7 ft.	5 ft.	7 ft.	4 in.	£ 17 6	£ 17 6	£ 4 5 0	£ 17 6	£ 17 6	£ 4 5 0	£ 17 6	£ 17 6
10	6	7	3	£ 3 15 0	£ 6 0 0	£ 6 10 0	£ 9 0 0	£ 9 0 0	£ 12 0 0	£ 12 0 0	£ 12 0 0
12	8	8	0	£ 5 15 0	£ 8 12 6	£ 9 0 0	£ 12 0 0	£ 12 0 0	£ 15 10 0	£ 15 10 0	£ 15 10 0
15	9	8	6	£ 7 10 0	£ 11 0 0	£ 11 0 0	£ 15 10 0	£ 15 10 0	£ 22 0 0	£ 22 0 0	£ 22 0 0
20	10	9	0	£ 9 15 0	£ 14 0 0	£ 14 0 0	£ 22 0 0	£ 22 0 0	£ 27 0 0	£ 27 0 0	£ 27 0 0
25	10	0	0	£ 13 0 0	£ 18 0 0	£ 18 0 0	£ 27 0 0	£ 27 0 0	£ 32 0 0	£ 32 0 0	£ 32 0 0

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For storage of plants in winter, for the cultivation of melons, cucumbers, etc., in summer. Made of 1½ in. thoroughly well-seasoned red deal boards, lights 2 in. thick, glazed 21 oz. glass, painted two coats.

1-LIGHT FRAMES.	2-LIGHT FRAMES.	3-LIGHT FRAMES.
3 ft. 6 in. by 3 ft. 15s.	6 ft. by 4 ft. 30s.	10 ft. by 6 ft. 60s.
4 ft. 0 in. by 3 ft. 18s.	8 ft. by 4 ft. 36s.	12 ft. by 6 ft. 70s.
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For span and ½ span roof frames, pits, and lights, see List.

## "INVINCIBLE" HOT-WATER APPARATUS.

(Tenant's Fixture.) No. 407. Most efficient and cheapest in existence. Requires no sunk stovehole and no brick setting. Will last all night without attention. Will burn house cinders, therefore costs next to nothing for fuel. Anyone can fix it, a child can stoke it; success guaranteed. Cost of complete apparatus for greenhouses, with 4 in. pipes, flow and return along one side cut and fitted, so that if the internal measurement of the greenhouse is given, the apparatus will be sent completely ready for fixing, an advantage which will be appreciated by all. Securely and carefully packed on rail at the following respective prices:

Size of house.	7 ft. by 5 ft.	£2 15s.	8 ft. by 6 ft.	£3 0	10 ft. by 7 ft.	£3 2s. 6d.	12 ft. by 8 ft.	£3 5s.	15 ft. by 10 ft.	£4 5s.	20 ft. by 10 ft.	£5 5s.	25 ft. by 10 ft.	£6 5s.
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Estimates for complete apparatus for any sized house free on application. Write for prices for large quantities.

W. COOPER, 751, Old Kent Road, London, S.E

## PORTABLE IRON BUILDINGS of Every Description

Churches, Chapels, Schools, Offices, Cottages, Hungalows, Stables, Loose Boxes, &c.

No. 301.—Cottage containing 4 rooms erected complete on purchaser's foundation, £65; on rail, £45.

FOR NUMEROUS OTHER DESIGNS SEE LIST.



Length.	Width.	£ s. d.	Length.	Width.	£ s. d.
7 ft.	5 ft.	2 17 6	16 ft.	10 ft.	9 15 0
8 ft.	6 ft.	3 5 0	20 ft.	12 ft.	11 5 0
10 ft.	7 ft.	4 10 0	30 ft.	14 ft.	18 10 0
12 ft.	8 ft.	5 15 0	35 ft.	15 ft.	27 10 0
15 ft.	9 ft.	7 10 0	40 ft.	16 ft.	32 0 0

## FAVOURITE POULTRY HOUSE.

Made in sections with door in side and window at end; a flap at back for access to nest boxes; a raised floor about 2 ft. from ground so as to form dry run underneath; nest, perch, ladder, &c., 3 ft. by 2 ft. 6 in., 15s. 6d.; 4 ft. by 4 ft., 21s. 6d.; 5 ft. by 4 ft., 21s. 6d.; 6 ft. by 4 ft., 21s. 6d.; 7 ft. by 5 ft., 36s.; 8 ft. by 6 ft., 42s. For numerous other designs, see list. If painted with rot-proof composition 10 per cent. extra.

Length.	Width.	£ s. d.	Length.	Width.	£ s. d.
6 ft.	4 ft.	2s. 9d.	9 ft.	6 ft.	6s. 0d.
5 ft.	3 ft.	2s. 6d.	7 ft.	6 ft.	5s. 0d.
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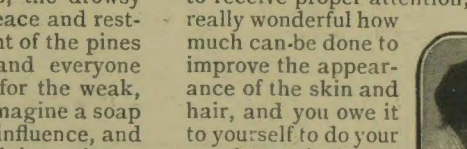
Well-seasoned stiles 2 in. by 2 in. mortised and pinned to tenoned rails properly rabbeted for the glass and fitted with zin. sash bars. Unglazed with 21 oz. glass. Sufficient Glass to Glaze them.

Length.	Width.	Cash price	Length.	Width.	Cash price
6 ft.	4 ft.	1 12 6	6 ft.	4 ft.	1 12 6
7 ft.	5 ft.	2 2 6	7 ft.	5 ft.	2 2 6
9 ft.	6 ft.	2 7 6	9 ft.	6 ft.	2 7 6

If complete with a good stout floor on strong joists, 4s. 6d., 7s., and 10s. extra respectively. Outside woodwork painted with our Patent Rot-proof Composition, 10 per cent. extra.

## PORTABLE HUT.

Substantially constructed of well-seasoned tongued and grooved boards on strong framing; made in complete sections. These huts can be used for poultry, or as cycle houses, workshops, dark rooms, tool and potting sheds, and numerous other purposes.



one hand, and common everyday soap, with which so many people ruin their complexions, on the other. One improves the complexion, and the other does the reverse.

The most lovely complexion will deteriorate if it fails to receive proper attention, whilst on the other hand it is really wonderful how much can be done to improve the appearance of the skin and hair, and you owe it to yourself to do your very best to look your best. You are sinning against your own good looks if you fail to use "Pynozone Soap."

How to Prevent Baldness

Everyone dreads getting bald, but the way to avoid this is by keeping the scalp and hair in a healthy condition, and there is nothing that will do this so effectively as shampooing with "Pynozone Soap." Men should have such a shampoo once a week, and women once a fortnight, but if there is dandruff and early signs of baldness are showing themselves, the hair should be shampooed with "Pynozone Soap" more frequently. This will cleanse the scalp, remove dandruff, promote healthy hair growth, counteract any tendency to baldness, and will be found marvellously refreshing and invigorating. Wherever the Englishman goes he carries his bath with him, and his morning tub is familiar to the inhabitants of every country into which he has penetrated. It is a great compliment to the Englishman that his desire for personal cleanliness should be regarded as one of his chief characteristics. People understand nowadays that frequent bathing is not a fad, but a means of maintaining the body in perfect health and vigour; but to get the utmost enjoyment from the bath "Pynozone Soap" should be used.

## Multiply Your Pleasure

Every time you wash yourself or have a bath with "Pynozone Soap" it will be a new luxury. If you doubt the statement try "Pynozone Soap" for a week or two, and whether you use it for bath, toilet, nursery, or shampooing, you will be absolutely convinced of its excellence. The mere scent of it is refreshing, and the effect of a wash, and, above all, of a bath, with "Pynozone Soap," is so

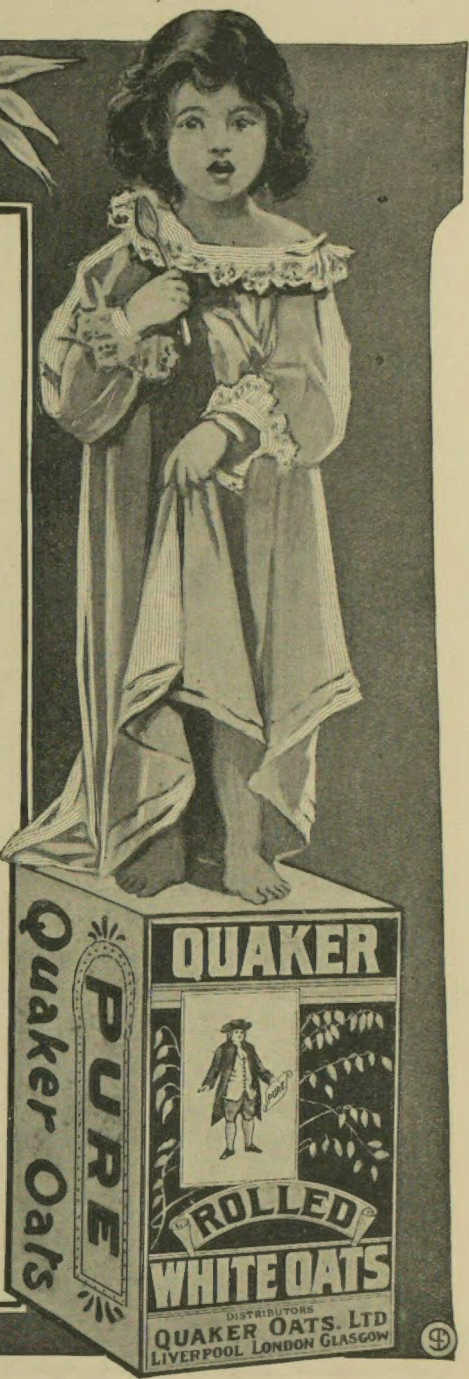
I AM SO HUNGRY!

WON'T YOU PLEASE GET ME SOME

Quaker Oats

Start the day with a plate of steaming hot nourishing and delicious Quaker Oats—you can always have it ready in time; follow this simple recipe:

Cook Quaker Oats any time the day previous, following the directions on packet. Don't remove from Cooker—and the next morning place over brisk fire—serve as soon as the Quaker Oats is hot. If the porridge has become too thick, add a little boiling water.



## A DAINY LITTLE GIFT

You Are Invited to Write For

How delicious, refreshing, and invigorating is the scent of the fir-trees, and how it recalls memories of walks over heather-clad hills with murmuring brooks, the drowsy tinkling of the sheep-fold, and the sweet peace and restfulness of repose in Nature's arms. The scent of the pines gives new strength, energy, and vigour, and everyone knows how full of healing the fragrance is for the weak, wearied, and convalescent. Now, can you imagine a soap embodying this delicious fragrance, healing influence, and marvellous antiseptic power, and bringing all these virtues right into your own home? That is just what you have in "Pynozone Soap," the soap that beautifies, and that is why its makers are anxious you should test it.

## Take Care of Your Skin

If you treat your skin with proper consideration you will find your reward, not only in improved looks, but in better health. Realise for a moment that on the surface of your skin there are no fewer than seven million pores, and every one of these seven millions has its proper work to do, and if the pores fail to do their work you can neither be healthy nor look healthy. Imagine, then, how the health must inevitably suffer if hundreds of thousands of these pores are stopped up or clogged with impurity of any kind, and then you will see how exceedingly important it is to use "Pynozone Soap," and thus keep the pores open as nature intended, and enable them to perform their functions thoroughly.

## What Soap Do You Use?

Soap is a necessity, as only by its use can the skin be thoroughly cleansed. When thoroughly cleansed is said, it is meant that not only does the dirt and dust need to be removed from the surface, but the pores themselves also require cleansing. Strong, coarse soaps are bad for the hands and face. They destroy the oil provided by Nature to keep the skin soft and pliable, and people who use such soaps have red, rough, ugly skin. If you think for a moment, you can see that there must be a tremendous difference between "Pynozone Soap," made of the best and purest materials, entirely free from excess of alkali, and manufactured under scientific supervision, on the



"Pynozone Soap" renders the Hair Soft, Silky, and Glossy.

purest materials, entirely free from excess of alkali, and manufactured under scientific supervision, on the



"Pynozone Soap" should always be used for Baby's Bath.

cooling and delicious that it is thoroughly certain you will be grateful that the claims of so unique a soap have been put before you. If you accept the offer which you will find in the last paragraph, you will not only be able to test "Pynozone Soap" for yourself, but you will obtain the free gift of a soap-box, so that you can always carry it with you. Purity, sweetness, refreshing and delightful cleanliness, and the glow of health follow the use of "Pynozone Soap," which is as pure as the pines.

"Pynozone Soap" can be obtained at all chemists and stores at 6d. per tablet, or three tablets in a box for 1s. 6d. Your chemist can obtain "Pynozone Soap" for you, and will be glad to do so if you ask him.

## The Sweet Face of Childhood

If you are careful about your own skin and hair, you should surely be careful about your baby's skin, and that of your children. Whatever you do, be sure you get the soap that is best calculated to keep their dainty skin and silky hair in perfect health and beauty. If you have a beautiful piece of silk embroidery, you do not allow anyone to apply coarse soap and soda to it, and so destroy its lovely colouring and the beauty of its texture. Why, then, should you treat the skin of a baby or little child with less care and thought than you give to the garment you wear? Use "Pynozone Soap," and so retain the freshness, lustre, and charm of your child's complexion and the beauty of its hair, which Nature intended it to possess.

## You should Accept this Offer while it Remains Open

The makers want everyone to try "Pynozone Soap," because they know that if once used it will always be used. They, therefore offer a BEAUTIFUL GIFT to every reader of this announcement who is willing to accept it. In return for a postal order for sixpence, they will send a sixpenny tablet of "Pynozone Soap," and present you with a handsome tortoiseshell soap-case, decorated in gold, so that you can carry your tablet of "Pynozone Soap" in your travelling bag wherever you go. If you are desirous of receiving this free gift, write to the Pynozone Company, Castle Road, Kentish Town, London, and mention the Illustrated London News.



"Pynozone Soap" is the most pleasant I have ever used."



## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

THE will (dated Oct. 13, 1900) of Mr. THOMAS VALENTINE SMITH, of 111, Grosvenor Road, and Ardtornish, Morven, N.B., who died on board his yacht *Rannoch* at Gourrock on Aug. 8, was proved on Sept. 18 by Mrs. Gertrude Joanna Sellar, the sister, Gerard Henry Craig Sellar, the nephew, and Lothian Demain Nicholson, the gross value of the estate amounting to £1,932,139, and the net personalty to £1,837,865. The testator gives to his wife, Mrs. Annie Blanch Smith, £1000, an annuity of £8000, his flat in the Albert Hall Mansions, and his residence at Bournemouth, with the furniture and effects, horses and carriages; to his sister, Miss Flora Maria Smith, £2000 and £1000 a year; to Lothian Demain Nicholson, £10,000; to Reginald Bearcroft, £2000; to George Frederick White, £1000; to Walter Elliott, £1000; to his secretary, Ralph William Morris Walker, and to Alneas Coffee, £2000 each; to his late wife's companion, Louisa Edwards, an annuity of £700; and legacies to persons in his employ. All other his property, including his lands and premises in Scotland, he leaves to his sister, Mrs. Gertrude Joanna Sellar.

The will (dated July 17, 1891, with two codicils) of the RIGHT HON. CHARLES OWEN O'CONOR, "The O'Conor Don," of Clonalis, Castlereagh, Roscommon, who died on June 30, has been proved by Denis Charles O'Conor, the son, the value of the personal estate in

England and Ireland being £33,272. The testator gives all his estates in Roscommon and a charge for £20,000 thereon, all arrears of rents, and the crops and live and dead stock to his eldest son Denis; £200 to his wife for charities and masses; and £300 to the Roman Catholic Bishop of Elphin for the convent of nuns at Castlereagh. He appoints to his sons, Owen Felin and Charles Hugh, the fortune which his children may become entitled to through their mother, but should either of them enter the ecclesiastical state then his share is only to be £4000. The ultimate residue of his personal estate he leaves to his said three sons.

The will (dated July 30, 1898), with a codicil, of Mr. WILLIAM HENRY WITHALL, of Hatfield House, East Putney, solicitor, who died on Aug. 16, has been proved by Mrs. Louisa Withall, the widow, and Charles Rowe Sawyer, the nephew, the gross value of the estate being £63,841. The testator gives £500 to his wife, and during her widowhood the income from his residuary property. Subject thereto, such property is to be divided among his children and their issue, as Mrs. Withall may appoint.

The will (dated May 11, 1906) of Mr. DANIEL HUGH CLUTTERBUCK, late of the 8th Hussars, of Middlewick, Corsham, Wilts, who died on Aug. 5, was proved on Sept. 17 by Hugh Frank Clutterbuck, the son, and Ernest Wallace Rooke, the nephew, the value of the estate being £58,092. The testator leaves £5700 in trust for his daughter Katherine Mary Clutterbuck; £11,000 in trust for his daughter Margaret Lilian Clutterbuck;

£300 to his son Hugh Frank; and such a sum as with what they will receive from the funds of his marriage settlement will make up £11,000 each for his daughters, Alice Sophia Clutterbuck and Emma Dorothy Clutterbuck. All other his property he leaves to his sons, Hugh Frank and Edmund Ricardo Clutterbuck.

The will (dated March 11, 1904) of Mr. JOHN BARRETT, of the Manor House, Dockenfield, Surrey, and 79, Redcliffe Gardens, South Kensington, who died on July 25, was proved on Sept. 11 by Philip Godfrey Barrett, the son, the Rev. James Drummond Carter, and John Robert Nash, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £51,819. The testator bequeaths an immediate legacy of £100, a further sum of £2000, and all his household furniture and effects, horses and carriages, to his wife, Mrs. Louise Debonnaire Barrett; and there are annuities to his three children during the life of his wife; and legacies to his executor, Mr. Nash, grandchildren, and other relatives, farm and domestic servants. The income from the residue of his property is to be paid to his wife for life; at her death he leaves £5000 to his said son; £2000 each to his two daughters; and one third of the ultimate residue, upon trust, for each of his three children, Philip Godfrey Barrett, Mrs. Edith Carter, and Miss Kathleen Barrett. If he shall be possessed at the time of his death of a piece of land upon which he recently built an institute for the use of the inhabitants of Dockenfield, such land and institute are to be conveyed to trustees for the use and benefit of the said inhabitants.

**HOVENDEN'S**  
**"EASY" HAIR CURLER**  
WILL NOT ENTANGLE OR BREAK THE HAIR.

ARE EFFECTIVE,  
AND REQUIRE NO SKILL  
TO USE.

For Very Bold Curls  
TRY OUR  
**"IMPERIAL"**  
CURLERS.

SAME PRICE  
12 CURLERS IN BOX.  
Post Free for 6 Stamps.  
OF ALL HAIRDRESSERS, &c.

Beware of  
SPURIOUS  
IMITATIONS.  
The genuine  
bear our  
TRADE MARK  
on right-hand  
corner of  
label, thus:

**HOVENDEN & SONS, LTD.**  
BERNERS STREET, W., & CITY ROAD, E.C.

**CLEAR COMPLEXIONS.**  
SOFT WHITE HANDS, AND HAIR GROWN ON  
CLEAN, SWEET, WHOLESOME SCALPS  
BY CUTICURA SOAP.

Millions of women use Cuticura Soap, assisted by Cuticura Ointment, the great skin cure, for preserving, purifying and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening and soothing red, rough and sore hands, for baby rashes, itches and chafings, for annoying irritations and ulcerative weaknesses, and many antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves, as well as for all the purposes of the toilet, bath and nursery.

**LLOYD'S** IN TUBES,  
1s. 6d. & 3s. each.  
**THE ORIGINAL EUXESIS**  
FOR EASY SHAVING.

WITHOUT THE USE OF SOAP, WATER, OR BRUSH.  
The Label of the ORIGINAL and  
GENUINE Euxesis is printed with  
Black Ink ONLY on a Yellow  
Ground, and bears this TRADE  
MARK—

R. HOVENDEN and SONS, Ltd., the Proprietors,  
bought the business, with the receipt, trade mark, and  
goodwill, from the Executrix of the late A. S. Lloyd.  
The genuine is now manufactured ONLY at their Factory.  
From all Chemists, Hairdressers, &c.  
Wholesale only: R. HOVENDEN and SONS, Ltd.,  
Berners Street, W., and City Road, E.C.

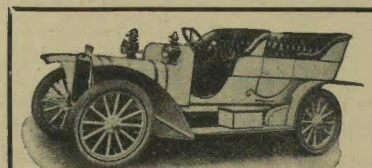
**MELLOR'S**  
**SAUCE**

MELLOR'S is the daintiest  
of sauces. It has the charm  
of old-world excellence about  
it. It is still prepared from  
the same old English recipe  
and is still the unequalled  
sauce. It makes meals  
more enjoyable.

Mellor's Sauce is for Chops  
or Steaks, Soups and  
Gravies, etc., and is sold by  
all stores, etc.

*So Saucy*

**THE SILENT  
SUNBEAM.**



16-20 H.P. Superb New  
Model, Price ... **£530**

**THREE SUNBEAM TRIUMPHS.**

The Sunbeam Car, without being  
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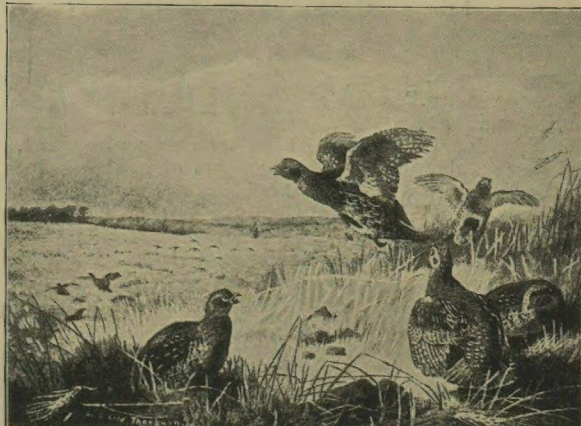
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